

# COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XXIX.—No. 750.

SATURDAY, MAY 20th, 1911.

PRICE SIXPENCE, BY POST, 6<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>d.  
[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]



SANDAU-SELLIN.

H.R.H. PRINCESS VICTORIA LOUISE OF PRUSSIA.



THE Journal for all interested in  
Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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## EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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## THE PROGRESS OF . . "LA PETITE CULTURE."

IF a judgment may be formed on the prices now being obtained for land suitable for market-gardening, it would appear to be certain that *la petite culture* is at the present moment in a highly flourishing condition. At Wrexham on Monday some portions of the Gredington Estate were sold. The property is at Holt, about five miles from Wrexham, and consists mostly of holdings used as market-gardens. The whole of the land was sold, and the average price reached was £160 an acre. One market-garden, containing two acres, was sold for £490, and three market-gardens, comprising eight acres, were sold for £1,625. The men who give these prices are the last to regard land as a fancy article. They pay heavily for the land, simply because they expect to get an adequate return from it. The fact is that there has been going on for a long time past a great widening of the demands for garden products, especially for many that used to be considered luxuries only for the rich. Among these may be remembered that ever-popular fruit the strawberry, a most profitable one to the gardener and a welcome one to the public. The raspberry is not a bad second, and probably is even more popular than the strawberry for jam-making purposes. Both these and currants and gooseberries are consumed to a far greater extent than they ever were before by the thriving labourers and the middle-classes. Those who are better off, of course, have been in the habit of consuming these fruits, and the change is not so observable in them. It is the same with garden peas, turnips, vegetables, carrots and all the other products for the

table. Not only has the standard of living advanced in the general population, but it has done so intelligently. Probably the great mass of consumers eat no more meat now than they did, if as much; but they consume far more vegetables, and demand these vegetables of a finer quality. That is the fact which gives its momentum to intensive cultivation.

Other industries thrive side by side with it. We might take, for example, poultry-keeping. Those who take what may be called an official interest in this branch of *la petite culture* are not, we think, on the best lines. They are for ever organising and organising with the avowed purpose of selling their productions at the highest possible price. It is certain, if anything can be, that the lowest possible price is the most remunerative. By the lowest possible price we mean, of course, the lowest price which leaves an appreciable profit behind it. The popularisation of the fowl as a daily article of food is the main object to be aimed at, and the only way to achieve this is by giving good quantity and good quality for the money. At the present moment, when the best beef and mutton cannot be bought retail under a shilling a pound, chicken might easily be brought into economic competition with them. It is delicate, appetising and easily-digested food. Of course, meat is solid, while chicken contains many bones, and ought, therefore, to be sold at less per pound than butcher's meat. There is no doubt that it can be produced so as to be sold not as a delicacy for occasional consumption, but as an almost daily article of the workman's diet. But what are the poultry-keepers to aim at if they wish to achieve this result? There are two distinct requirements, namely, size and quality. How to get the former might possibly be learned from the breeders of fancy fowls. This is a statement that the farmer at first will be very apt to question, but if he looks into the matter it will be to find how correct it is. The farmer himself makes the very great mistake of breeding from his pullets when they are too young, and their eggs are consequently small. Small egg, small chicken; large egg, large chicken. The dealer who keeps pedigree birds does not fall into this mistake. In many cases we regret to say that he sells the first small eggs of his pullet to those who want sittings; naturally, they come out comparatively small and weak birds. Those that he sets for himself are the later clutches of large eggs. Our point was, however, that the keeper of fancy poultry has achieved the art of modifying the size of a breed to suit the taste of his customers. He can make giants of them and he can bantamise them. Moreover, being a man who is out for making a profit, he adopts no expensive methods of doing this, but achieves the result mainly by skill. If those who make it their business to produce chickens for the market would go to the establishments noted for their production of the purest and best stock and learn their ways, it would enable them to make far more out of their calling; that is to say, it would help them to produce a bird that was large in size and particularly large in breast meat. Were that done it would soon be possible to give a weight of chicken that would satisfy the economical purchaser. The next point is to get the birds to maturity quickly. Tenderness is a quality demanded in a fowl beyond any other, and it can best be achieved by very quick growth. Further, quickness of growth is essential to the pocket of the poultryman, for after a time the fat bird simply begins to eat its own head off. It has to be remembered that chicks, after they emerge from the shell, grow for a few weeks at a furious rate, and that this rate decreases as they advance in age; so that after thirteen or fourteen weeks it becomes more and more difficult to lay on flesh, and if flesh is not being laid on to a table fowl the food is obviously being wasted.

The question of egg production is one that also requires far more attention than has yet been given it. There is an increasing public willing to pay a satisfactory, if not an unreasonable, price for new-laid eggs all the year round, and the phrase "shop eggs" comes to be more and more a term of contempt. Now, to supply eggs in winter ought, therefore, to be the object of everyone who wishes to earn a livelihood, or part of a livelihood, by poultry-keeping. That it can be done without any great difficulty is capable of the most absolute proof.

## Our Portrait Illustration.

A PORTRAIT of H.R.H. Princess Victoria Louise of Prussia is the subject of our frontispiece this week. The Princess Victoria Louise is the only daughter of H.I.M. the Kaiser.

\*.\* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

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WINGED words have frequently come from the lips of King George. The use of perfectly apt phrases on great occasions has always been an accomplishment of the Royal line from which he comes. Most of us still remember the messages, dignified, yet vibrating with sympathy, which Queen Victoria used to send to those in great need of consolation, and King Edward, with unflinching felicity, had always the right word for the occasion. But King George combines in his own person the qualities of his father and grandmother. His eulogy of Queen Victoria delivered at the unveiling of her monument was worthy alike of the great Queen, her great reign and the Empire which grew in magnitude and prosperity under her fostering care, extended, as the King happily put it, over a period which "almost equalled the allotted span of human life." His speech had the ring of manliness touched with Imperial instinct and family affection. It might stand as Queen Victoria's epitaph that "Her life was devoted to the discharge of her solemn public duty."

The meeting was most brilliant; an assemblage of representatives of "races and regions more various than have ever combined before upon a common purpose." But the one Imperial figure that stood out beyond that of all others was the Kaiser. From the time of his landing at Sheerness, the English people had with infallible insight recognised the high motives of his visit, his unflinching loyalty to the memory of one who in life enjoyed his trust and affection, his thought of King Edward's wish, his friendliness to the reigning family and to their subjects. Nor was it due to a single incident that he received so magnificent a welcome. His character is of a kind that in England commands respect and appreciation. Frank to the point of rashness, of an energy that swells into impetuosity, a soldier by land and a sailor on the sea, he possesses in addition all the attributes of courtesy and kindness that we associate with "the grand old name of gentleman." He was a guest of whom Great Britain was proud; a mourner whose green wreath placed at the foot of the statue was a tribute worthy of Queen Victoria.

Though the council of the Festival of Empire decided somewhat late in the day to include a section devoted to the Game Fauna of the Empire in the exhibition at the Crystal Palace, inaugurated on the 12th of this month by H.M. the King and H.M. the Queen, a very remarkable collection of sporting trophies has been got together, and those interested in the subject who were not able to visit Vienna last year can see at Sydenham this summer a collection of heads of big game shot within the British Empire which, we are assured, is not inferior and in some respects, notably in the Canadian trophies, surpasses the very fine exhibition of 1910. The King is again sending several of his best heads, the Duke of Connaught is contributing a picked selection from the splendid lot of trophies he shot in East Africa, and nearly all our leading sportsmen will be strongly represented by their finest things. Lord Wolverton, as chairman of the Section, has taken an active share in promoting its success, and Mr. C. E. Fagan is again acting as the hon. organising secretary. The exhibits are now being arranged, and it is hoped that the pavilion containing them, which is a replica of the old Cheshire house erected for the British Section at the Vienna Sports Exhibition of last year, will be ready to be opened to the public by the end of the present month.

At the present moment no subject is being more discussed in railway carriages, at markets, ordinaries, and wherever farmers gather, than the bee disease, the Isle of Wight disease, as it is called. They do not, as a rule, depend on their hives, and the tone they use when talking is curious rather than despondent. By the dullest it has been noticed that the profuse bloom of orchards this year has not attracted insects. Scarcely

a honey-bee is to be seen, although the large and almost black humble-bee is humming about in greater numbers than usual. Most mysterious is the way of the disease. A farmer told the writer that his bees appeared all right during the early part of the year, but one day about a fortnight ago he noticed they looked rather slothful, and he took off the hive tops to see what they were doing. Every bee in a proportion of the hives was dead, and the inhabitants of the others looked drowsy and almost torpid. It could not have been for want, because there were twenty pounds of honey in one hive.

The experts of the Board of Agriculture recommend that "the diseased colonies and all combs, stores and quilts" should be destroyed; but in the case mentioned above, the farmer gave the twenty pounds of honey found in the hive to a labourer. He warned the man that he did not think it safe, but the latter cheerfully replied that "the kids would eat it all right." So they devoured the honey, and there are, as there were, still nine of them, lean, ruddy, healthy and hungry boys and girls. The incident illustrates the peasant's indifference to precautions about food. The same farmer told of another of his labourers who had migrated to a small manufacturing town and was thriving, only he complained that he could not get a decent drink of water. There was nothing but the well-water supplied from taps. He added that "the missus had never been able to make a drop of tea because she could not get rain-water"!

#### THE CAGED LARK.

Barred from the blue, with ruffled plumes  
He sees the spring pass by,  
Half stifled by the sulphurous fumes  
That stain the city's sky;  
He crouches on his sod and dreams  
Of downlands green and fair,  
Until on outstretched wings he seems  
To breast the buoyant air;  
And half awake again aspires,  
Only to find that he,  
Poor prisoner of accursed wires,  
Has lost his liberty.

ARTHUR CLARK KENNEDY.

Professor Boulenger, as our readers have had many opportunities of knowing from his contributions to these pages, is an especially keen student of the frog and its relatives. In the whole tribe there is none more curious than the Midwife toad (*Alytes obstetricans*), of which he has presented some examples to the Reptile House of the Zoological Gardens. These smooth-skinned, red and green spotted creatures are common in Spain, France and the South of Germany. Their name is due to their singular breeding habits. As is usual with Batrachians, the eggs are fertilised after leaving the female. They are then wrapped round the hind limbs and back of the male, which then leaves the female and retires to a burrow, only emerging at night to feed and perhaps to take the eggs to the water. In the course of two or three weeks he carries them to a pool to hatch out, where they live the usual life of a tadpole and undergo the changes that transform them into toads.

Several other noteworthy additions have been made to the Zoological Gardens. Miss Olive Macleod, daughter of Sir Reginald Macleod, has brought two young lions obtained in Nord Kamerun during the course of her journey to Lake Tchad. They are at the frolicsome age, and are very well worth seeing, especially as the colouration of the cubs is important from the zoological point of view, indicating what must have been the original colour of their ancestors. A pair of young sloth bears, obtained in Baluchistan, have been presented by Captain Arthur Stewart. These interesting bears in their native country live chiefly on fruit, flowers, leaves, insects and honey. A young grey seal, acquired from a fisherman who caught it at Barmouth at the end of April, is of interest, as the fact of its obviously having been born in March shows that the grey seal probably breeds occasionally, and perhaps frequently, in spring as well as in autumn.

Wordsworth's description of a mass of bluebells as a piece of blue sky peeping through the earth will be suggested to many minds just now by the appearance of these flowers in the coppice and the outskirts of woods. Those who are not at liberty to wander abroad in the green fields may still see them to great perfection in the wild dell at Kew, and in the Gardens they may have an opportunity of studying the magnificent part played by such plants as rhododendrons and magnolias in the rich procession of flowers which spring offers this year. The Duke

and Duchess of Connaught visited the Gardens on Saturday, which are now at the height of their beauty. But it needs no going to any garden to see the limitless profusion with which spring has this year brought forth her blossoms. The chestnut trees are just coming out and no doubt the usual Chestnut Sunday at Bushey Park, which is to-morrow, will be a largely-attended and delightful function, unless the weather should exhibit some of the wayward malice to which we have been accustomed of late. The unexampled multitude of buds on the hawthorn trees and bushes tell that there are beauties yet in store for us, and that the charm of the spring has yet to be renewed several times before it gives place to the glory of summer.

The Advisory County Committee for considering the interests of cricket in county matches was in a distinctly negative mood at its latest meeting, when it had to consider, among other resolutions, that which emanated from Yorkshire to restrict the county matches for next year, when both Australians and South Africans will be over here, to two days' play. The meeting would have none of that, nor of several less important propositions which Yorkshire also sent up. Some minor points in connection with the scoring for the County Championship and with the rights of the side which is in to roll the wicket were allowed to pass; but the most important alteration of rule, as recommended by the committee—it has yet to pass the M.C.C. before becoming law—was proposed by Warwickshire, to the effect that it shall be at the option of any two counties to adopt, if they so agree, an alternative to the present plan of settling choice of innings by toss in both their matches. The alternative is that the county which loses the toss in the first venture shall be, *ipso facto*, accorded the right of choice of innings at the second meeting of these two counties. It is an alternative which certainly commends itself as making for greater equity. We understand, at least, that the adoption of the new mode is optional, though the wording of the resolution does not make the point quite clear.

The idea of using living creatures as lawn-mowers, which has recently been discussed in one of the daily papers, is not altogether new. Everybody knows that there is nothing that produces a better turf than the nibbling of rabbits. The disadvantage about these animals is that where they nibble they also scratch, and they are therefore out of the question on a lawn. Someone has suggested geese; but this, for reasons which need no stating, is not a practical proposition. Probably the best animals of all are the guinea-pigs, though we have not personally had any experience of them in this capacity. But they have omnivorous appetites and appear to like plantain and other weeds just as much as, if not better than, the grass, and this is a great point in their favour. It certainly would be possible to keep a lawn closely cropped with their aid; but, on the other hand, we feel tolerably sure that anyone not particularly fond of tame animals would very soon tire of the continual attention they require, and would go back to the homely and useful lawn-mower of our manufacturers. In these days implements of this kind can be had at almost any weight and any price. The smallest can be manipulated by a child, and the largest need a motor to work them.

An electro-stereo-chrono-photograph is an astounding name for a piece of mechanism, but it indicates a very wonderful and useful contrivance. It is the most powerful of the cinematographs that have yet been used for the serious study of biology, and was applied by M. Lucien Bull of the Institut Marey, Paris. By its means he can take photographs of a moving object at a rate of two thousand impressions per second on a sensitised film. Another feat of M. Bull was to photograph the passage of a bullet through a soap-bubble. The scientific use of the instrument is to show the movements of insects that are so rapid as to defy any other form of analysis. Hitherto, the cinematograph has been regarded as a more or less frivolous contrivance for purposes of amusement; but the lecture delivered by Professor William Stirling at the Royal Institution on Monday night on "Biology and the Cinematograph" revealed possibilities that few of us had dreamed of.

Richard Wagner's autobiography, which is soon to be published both in London and Munich, will be of interest to a great many other people besides musicians. The book covers the period from his birth in 1813 to the year 1864, when he was under the protection of Ludwig II. and his struggles were over. Wagner had always kept a diary, and the autobiography was written down from his dictation by Cosima Wagner between 1868 and 1873. A few copies were printed privately, and such was the secrecy observed that only French composers who knew no German were allowed to work upon it. The proofs were

read by Nietzsche. Twenty-eight years have passed since Wagner's death and have removed the objections to publication which held good in his own time. One of the questions on which the autobiography may throw light is Wagner's share in the Revolution of 1848; for though most of his biographers have made light of it, yet the warrant for his arrest as a politically dangerous person may still be seen at Dresden. Some indeed would have it that the poem of the "Ring," which was completed about that time, has a political significance. Next Monday, by the way, is the ninety-eighth anniversary of Wagner's birth.

Of making bird-books there seems indeed no end, so that he would be rash who would venture to suggest another, yet it does seem to us that, in spite of their number, there may still be room for one with a special purpose in view. There are many of us who would welcome a book with illustrations which would inform us at a glance of the identity of certain species which are so alike that, without such a work of ready reference, it is difficult for any but an ornithological specialist to be quite sure which of them he is observing. Who, for example, who has not made the subject something of a special study can be quite sure and quite sound about all these smaller warblers: chaff-chaff, garden warbler, willow-warbler, grasshopper-warbler, greater and lesser whitethroat and so on? The wagtails, too, pied, grey and yellow, the buntings, pipits and several others suggest themselves at once. We do not want to see pictured those that we all know—the robin, chaffinch, blackbird and scores besides—but there are just a few first cousins whose distinguishing marks we should much like to be able to refer to, so as to be sure we were not confusing them.

#### THE UPPER WINDOW.

I woke awhile last night, and saw,  
Spread out before my gaze,  
The old familiar street on street  
In unfamiliar ways.

As though some giant army slept,  
Confused and spent with toil,  
O'er whom one only sentry kept  
Flame of the midnight oil.

I know not if it shone for pain,  
That little window perched afar—  
I only know that in the dark  
It hung there like a star.

H. H. BASHFORD.

It is very much to be regretted that in the official Journal of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries such a paper should be published as that on "Labourers' Cottages," by William J. Jolly. The subject is one of the very highest importance, and it is only fair to expect the Board of Agriculture to give sound and useful advice on the subject; whereas there are published, with all the authority which a great public department can give, designs which can only be described as atrocious. There are single cottages, double cottages and cottages in a block, so that the writer is evidently one of those who would raise no protest if the worst form of the urban workman's house was transferred to the country. It might have been thought that certain principles are so widely acknowledged as to be the very A B C of cottage-building. One is that the cottage should stand, if possible, upon its allotment. It seems most extraordinary that the Journal, which in some of its pages fosters the idea of small holdings, should in others ignore the existence of allotments. The plans submitted have not even the merit of cheapness, and that such plans should be officially propagated may well produce despair among those who have the improvement of rural housing accommodation at heart.

It is far too late in the day to attempt any such labour of Hercules as the white-washing of the character of our domestic sparrow. That cheery little friend is long past praying for. Seeing, however, that he has so many sins undoubtedly his own, there is the more reason that he should not be saddled with those that another ought to bear of right. Lately, as we sadly regarded the heads of the primulas lying decapitated beside their plants, we execrated the sparrows volubly as their executioners, yet at the same time wondered how so small a bird should reach such tall heads as some of those which had suffered by their guillotine. Could the little sinners have hovered, humming-bird-like, and cut the heads off as they hovered? Later we have detected the real criminals—a pair of blackbirds, stretching themselves up to the extreme of their relatively huge stature and so reaching heads which were quite above the sparrows' assaults. Sparrows



are, doubtless, guilty of such crimes as these, but they are not the sole criminals. Let this measure of justice, at least, be dealt out to them.

The American angler who complained that he could not imagine why we did not call our May-fly a June-bug has a good deal of justification for his criticism in most years; but this spring the May-fly really does seem to be putting in an appearance in his name month, and it looks as if the great carnival of the trout would occur at a date at least a week in advance of

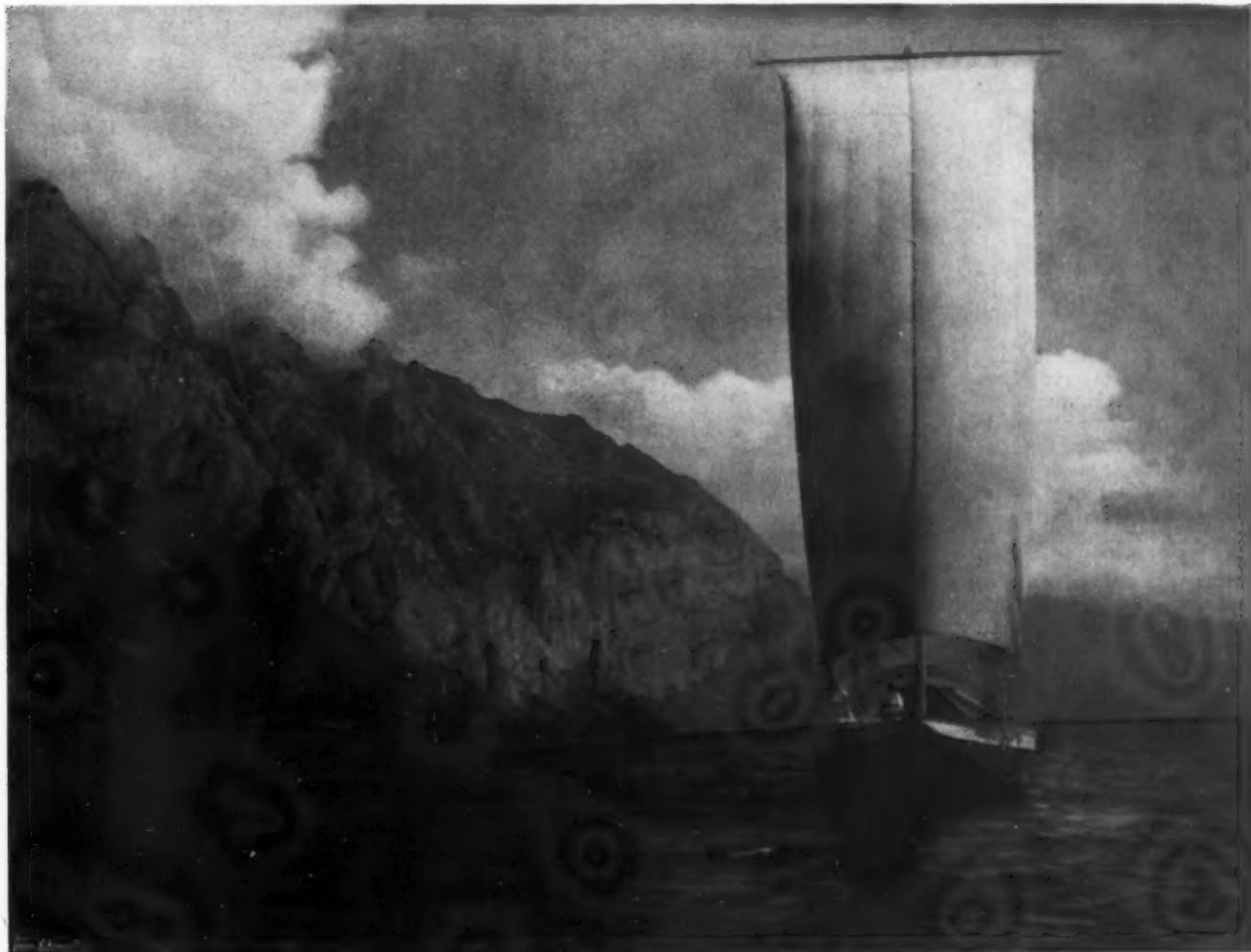
the normal time. The truth is that, though the season was a very backward one a month or so ago, it has so pressed forward during May that it has really become almost precocious. Latest accounts seem to indicate that the Norwegian angling season also is likely to be early. What is more satisfactory is that accounts all through the piece promise that it will be a good season. Abundant snow fell in the winter, and this was conserved by a partial thaw coming on top of it and then a hard frost ensuing, which kept the snow from melting and running down too early to be of use in helping the run of fish.

## THE SECEDERS.

SECESSION and Seceders are words so intimately associated with theological disputes that it comes with a pleasant shock of surprise to find that "The London Secession" is not a new style of conventicle, but the designation of a sort of inner academy of photographers. Before venturing to make a few timid remarks on their work, it is right to say that I possess neither views about this movement nor any photographic diploma or technical qualification. Behold in him who is addressing you, oh reader, one who is utterly careless about methods so long as the result is good. You may, in a metaphor, compare me to the careless but appreciative diner who, when a good dish is set before him, falls to with a relish, and has no morbid curiosity about the raw material, the kitchen, the cook and the culinary gear and tackle that in co-operation produced so telling an appeal to his palate. My knowledge of the Secession and what led to it was on a par with that of three cheerful old ladies whom I could not help overhearing at the Newman Art Gallery as they cross-questioned the suave and courteous attendant as to the meaning and origin of the terms employed. The first obstacle to their understanding lay in the word "Link," which they evidently associated with Charles Darwin. With persuasive courtesy the attendant induced them to look at the catalogue each carried, wherein it was clearly explained that the "Linked Ring" was an association of photographers formed in 1892 for the encouragement of those who were making an art of their craft. But it did not

live up to the high ideals of its founders (*vide* historical note in the catalogue), but began to term itself "widely representative," a phrase which the austere evangelists of art in photography interpret as "championing the mediocre and the commonplace." This falling from a high estate was not to be endured, and so, more in sorrow than in anger, the London Secession was organised "with the object of holding periodical displays of only the most original, interesting and progressive work available." A gentle smile flickered softly on the face of the most benign of the three old ladies. "So it is the Missing Link after all," she jested. "On this occasion, certainly," replied the grave attendant. "Well, at which end do we begin?" asked another, cheerfully, and therewith all the three, with much craning of necks and consulting of catalogues and free interchange of adjectives, set about examining "the most original, interesting and progressive work available."

In following their example, it struck me at once that the exhibition has been resolutely kept within very narrow limits. Here is not, as at the Royal Academy, a bewildering series of galleries with walls profusely hung. A single room is sufficient. Seventeen exhibitors, of whom seven are invited and the rest members, show three pictures each, making a total of fifty-one. It has evidently been decided to exclude pictures which are produced chiefly by patience and the employment of clever inventions. For example, there is no natural history shown, from which it is to be inferred that the extremely interesting



J. Dudley Johnston.

THE LAKE OF LECCO.

Copyright.





George Davison.

HARLECH CASTLE.

Copyright.

work done in the field with telephoto lens, hiding-places and almost more than human patience, endurance and ingenuity, does not come within the Secessionist ideal of photographic high art. The pictures consist almost entirely of portraits and landscapes. An atmosphere of austerity that characterises the society is manifest alike in the photographs and in their titles. Canons of art, admirable as they are severe, have rejected whatever is fussy, affected, theatrical or merely sentimental. The obvious aim of the artists is to represent the human being and the natural landscape as beautifully as possible, but without any appeal to the gallery. As if to emphasise this, the titles are plain and terse almost to baldness. Had Mr. Clarence White been a Royal Academy painter, he would have almost certainly called his naked woman, taken among rocks and trees, "Eve after Her First Meeting with Satan," or some other Eve—at all events, there are many models named "Eve" on the walls of Burlington House—but his title is simply "Nude in the Woods." The dictionary of elegant extracts would have been hunted for a line of poetry to describe the singularly embracing picture of business and animation which Mr. Walter Bennington calls simply "The Thames Embankment." Any painter might have been proud to father it. The truth is that this exhibition shows the photographer in close rivalry with the

painter. Formerly it was thought enough if "a good likeness" was secured, but to-day a picture is demanded. And a fine picture is more prized than a merely faithful portrait. The case was put to me very clearly and practically by an eminent man who was to have his portrait presented to him and was

engaged in choosing the artist. "If it is a good likeness, but only a middling picture," he said, "it will be shunted into a back room as soon as I am dead, and forgotten; but if it be a fine picture it is sure of preservation." A shrewd remark, though not a profound criticism. Reynolds' "Dr. Johnson" or Romney's "Lady Hamilton" combined both attributes. In these cases it was because the artist understood his sitter, and Reynolds, in particular, was great because he had the strength to present both the peevishness and the power of Dr. Johnson, to paint his unwieldy body and suggest the great spirit behind. It is this tradition of painting that seems to inspire the Secessionist photographer. Characters as well as lineaments look down from the walls. But this applies more to the obscure than to the famous. Mr. George Bernard Shaw, for example, of whom two portraits are shown, scarcely gives scope to fine portraiture. The central figure of Mr. Archibald Cochrane's "Morning," is the portrait of a woman, but the light breaking in through a window



Malcolm Arbuthnot.

ROSES.

Copyright.

justifies the title. The conception is as just and homely as it is original. Mr. Malcolm Arbuthnot simply calls his picture of children (which is shown) "Roses"—its only fault is to be too flawlessly pretty. The refinement is insisted on too much. *Ars est celare artem*—a semblance or a real touch of carelessness would have been an improvement. Of the portraits generally it may be said that they compare favourably with the work of the painter on every point except that of colour, and even that is suggested if not expressed. The faces chosen are full of character, and whether they are or are not like the originals, they at any rate bear the mark of being authentic human beings. Yet the strength of the exhibition is largely in its landscapes. These give proof, if proof were necessary, that the first essential towards the production of a fine landscape is to see the picture. It is not enough to see and admire a view. Nature only supplies material out of which the artist selects what is needful for his purpose. Hitherto, it has seemed as though, in portraying landscape, the advantages all lay with the painter. He could see and paint the essential omitting the unrequired details,

of the hive to light and air for several days; or they can burn the surface of the woodwork by means of a painter's spirit lamp. All dead bees should be collected and burnt and the ground sprayed with a strong disinfectant. Of course, these precautions are simply those which should be taken at the appearance of any disease; but it is well to make them widely known, because there are thousands of bee-keepers throughout the country who would not think of taking so much trouble. In fact, one has heard them saying that the talk of a disease is all nonsense; it is a bad year for bees, and in time there will come a good year. Probably in the past bees have died down to a very small stock, and then come up again in the course of a few years without any enquiry being made into the cause of the change. Nevertheless, the disease must have existed, even if it was neither understood nor named. The old way was to look upon such visitations as being in the nature of unavoidable calamities to which it was necessary to submit; the modern spirit is to find out what is the cause and to combat it. So far the scientific investigators have been baffled; but even while they are at work the practical bee-keeper ought, at any rate, to understand the symptoms of the Isle of Wight disease and be able to recognise it. These are, first, a disinclination of the bees to work and a



Frank H. Read.

THE BARNYARD.

Copyright

which are but a distraction to the eye and brain, whereas the camera artist is more at the mercy of his mechanical instrument. But this thesis could not be sustained in view of the effects here achieved and shown. There is not a scrap of unessential detail in such a picture as Mr. George Davison's very fine "Harlech from the Sandhills," or, for the matter of that, in the same artist's "Harlech Castle," a reproduction of which is given. V.

### ISLE OF WIGHT BEE DISEASE.

SO far the Board of Agriculture has only been able to report progress in regard to its investigation into the nature, cause and prevention of this troublesome disease which is very rapidly depriving the country of its apiaries. Some provisional suggestions are thrown out of a hygienic character. Bee-keepers are advised, when the symptoms appear, to destroy diseased colonies, combs, stores and quilts. They should also paint the hive and woodwork twice a day with one part strong carbolic acid and two parts hot water, and expose the inside

habit of flying about aimlessly; then they begin to lose their power of flight, and are unable to travel more than a few yards without alighting, till finally they can only crawl, and may be seen creeping up grass stems or other upright objects. After that the end comes quickly and they die. The abdomen is often swollen, and the extreme segments or wings droop and are bent underneath the rest of the body. At last the whole colony of workers is found massed together, either in front of the hive or on the ground, except a few which are found crowded round the queen. Curiously enough, the queen and the brood are not affected, though the workers are. The expert of the Board of Agriculture adds that in winter and early spring, when bees are often attacked, the walls, combs and alighting-board are frequently soiled by the bees. This seldom, if ever, takes place in summer. Of course, no sooner is a strong hive weakened by disease than it becomes an object of pillage to other hives, and probably this is the direct means by which the disease is spread.

In close relationship with this question of disease is the fertilisation of fruit. In gardens and orchards during the blossoming season it has been painfully manifest that the little workers were not present. Orchards which would have been humming in the

hot sun when the apple blossom was out were quiet, except for the drone of the great humble-bee, which, however, does not visit the apple blossom, although it seems to have a great preference for the blossom of currant and gooseberry bushes. Will Nature provide

a substitute for the bees, or will the promise of a fruit year be thwarted owing to the absence of the usual fertilising agents? This is a grave question which affects the pocket as much as it interests those engaged in the cultivation of fruit.

## THE OPENING CRICKET WEEK.



ONE IN THE SLIPS AT THE OVAL.

THE opening of the County Cricket season has been noteworthy chiefly on account of the weather. Those who are accustomed at this time of year to play or to watch the game under bleak and wintry conditions

must indeed have felt thankful for a week of real summer, even if they did not relish a thunder-storm or two worthy of July itself. The result has chiefly been noticeable in the fielding department, where the number of catches missed has been comparatively few. A batsman or a bowler, when once he has got warm, may not be greatly troubled by climatic conditions, as his stiffness soon wears off under vigorous exercise; but to anyone fielding, a catch is more than twice as hard to hold when a bitter east wind has made the fingers cold and stiff.

The M.C.C. has played two very interesting matches at headquarters. Early in the week the Club suffered defeat at the hands of Yorkshire by a margin of 46 runs. The County laid the foundations of success on the first day with a long partnership between Rhodes and Wilson. The latter played with unaccustomed freedom for his 87, but Rhodes was dreadfully unenterprising, and took close on three hours to make 55 runs. Drake, Hirst and Haigh all contributed useful



BAILS WHIPPED OFF BY A FAST BALL (M.C.C. V. YORKSHIRE).



scores, while Mr. Douglas was the most successful bowler with four for 61, among his victims being Denton, Wilson and Hirst. In the first innings of the M.C.C. Tarrant gave ample proof of his ability with a score of 127. His cutting, as usual, was superb. Mead also played very finely before being beautifully caught at the wicket; but of the rest Captain Goldie, with a very vigorous 41, alone distinguished himself. At the end of the Yorkshire second innings, in which Denton was top scorer with 84, while Haigh and Booth shared in a valuable partnership, the M.C.C. was left with 259 to get to win. After a bad start Tarrant and A. Relf, each with a fine score in the seventies, looked like putting the issue beyond doubt; but Hirst, as so often before, rose to the occasion with six for 55 and enabled his side to win comfortably.

Later in the week, with Kent for their visitors, the M.C.C. won the match on the first morning, when Mr. Warner and Tarrant, in a partnership of over the century, made the County bowling look singularly ineffective. Tarrant made his runs chiefly by cuts and some daring pulls to a short leg boundary off Blythe, and neither he nor Warner appeared to be in any difficulty on the easy wicket. Then, at 1.30, came a violent thunder-storm, and very little more play was possible till Friday, when on a more difficult wicket Blythe asserted himself. A. Relf alone met with much success, and the innings closed for 301. With seven wickets down for 55, the champion county looked to be in danger of following on, until Seymour took possession. After a steady and defensive beginning he gradually got the upper hand of the bowling, and his innings of 96 not out was one of which he may well feel proud. His best partners were Fairservice and Morfee, each of whom scored more than useful thirties. With a lead of 76 runs the Club

started their second innings badly, losing three wickets for 35 runs on Friday evening; but, thanks to an innings of 66 from Thompson, they were able to set their opponents 259 to win. Only Woolley, however, was able to make any great stand against the Club's varied attack, and Kent were finally beaten by 94 runs. Without Messrs. Mason, Dillon, Carr, Knott and the brothers Day the County were, of course, very much below full strength; but it must have made Mr. Hutchings somewhat thoughtful to see the way in which his professional bowlers were treated on Thursday morning, and many repetitions of such ineffectiveness must mean the departure of the championship elsewhere.

A not improbable destination for the said championship would appear to be the Oval, where, after a second-wicket partnership between Mr. Wood and Whitehead that realised 239 runs, Leicestershire were eventually beaten by ten wickets. On the first day they looked, at any rate, to be safe from defeat; but their second innings was a dismal failure, Rushby and Smith

carrying all before them. The Surrey fielding was excellent, and as they have any amount of runs on the side and a stronger attack than most that can be brought against them, they should stand very high up in the list when September comes. Hayward and Hobbs both appear to be in first-rate form already, and we may look for a good number of those first-wicket partnerships to which they have accustomed us. Lancashire, for whom it is delightful to find that great athlete, K. G. Macleod, making runs, failed badly before Warwickshire at Manchester. Frankly, they were outplayed in every department, and it must have been gratifying to Mr. Foster, at whose determination to continue playing county cricket everyone will be delighted, to find his side doing so well. Kinneir, Charlesworth and Quaife all batted wonderfully well, and the victory was thoroughly deserved.

Another new captain to lead his side to success was Mr. Douglas, and Yorkshire's defeat at the hands of Essex will surely stimulate the Southerners to further victories. If only they can put some more life into their play and wake up to the

importance of holding catches, we ought to hear no more of financial difficulties at Leyton. Indeed, one fancies that the financial difficulties of a good many of the counties might be cured if the right steps were taken. Weather, of course, plays a tremendous part, but on the finest day in the whole summer no county ground will be uncomfortably full unless its team provides sporting and attractive cricket. There will be, perhaps, a certain number of members in the pavilion, but nowadays county clubs find that they must look beyond these, and it is the people who pay sixpence at the gate, and possibly a bit more for a stand, that make or mar the balance-sheet. What such people want is not three hours of Rhodes while he makes 55, nor four hours of Mr. Wood the while he compiles 107,

but something a little more lively, such as the cricket played last week between Hants and Somerset. They want no doctoring of the laws, but punctuality in beginning, with a shorter interval for tea and keenness in the field, and then they will be satisfied. The most ignorant spectator would see the necessity for Seymour's defensive tactics in Kent's first innings against the M.C.C.; but what the majority of spectators cannot forgive is dulness when dulness is merely an unnecessary waste of time. It is sad to think that the life of the game depends, as far as county cricket is concerned, on the taste of the multitudes.

As far as one can see at present, Oxford will have a much more powerful side than Cambridge, who failed dismally in both innings against Surrey. The careers of Campbell and Knott will be watched with immense interest, and it looks as if in the Gaekwar of Baroda Oxford may possess a Ranji in embryo. However, they have not yet played any representative match with the counties, so it is early days to form an opinion.



NO DOUBT ABOUT IT (M.C.C. V. YORKSHIRE).

## UNVEILING QUEEN VICTORIA'S MEMORIAL

**N**O more brilliant assembly has ever come together in London than that which came to witness the unveiling of the monument of Queen Victoria. Nor is it difficult to give reasons why this should have been so. Queen Victoria's position as head of the greatest Empire the world has ever known would alone have accounted for it. But in addition, her character as shown during a long reign of sixty-three years struck the imagination of the whole world. Here was a great people allowing its destinies to be guided by the tender hand of a woman. But she filled her great office so admirably and so successfully that her sex seemed to be a strength rather than a weakness. Her long reign was essentially one of peace. At any rate, the State never was convulsed by the throes of a great war or torn by internal dissension, and the occupations of peace thrived exceedingly. In every department of human progress a great advance occurred during the Victorian Era. Science and art and industry and letters all flourished together. The reign will be commemorated in history long after this generation and their children

late Queen, and not only "as a tribute of admiration and gratitude of the people over whom she reigned," but "as a conspicuous mark of the bond of brotherhood binding the Empire together." Then the King replied in a speech which will probably go down to history. He alluded to the fact that his beloved father "had watched over and guided the work with interest and close attention," and then went on to refer to the fact that "the Dominions and Colonies, which grew vastly in strength and prosperity during her reign, and whose loyalty centred ever more directly upon her august person, have from every part and quarter of the globe united to enshrine her memory."

The King gave expression to a sincere feeling on the part of the people when he expressed his deep satisfaction "that my dear cousin, the German Emperor, accompanied by the Empress, is present at this historic ceremony. His Imperial Majesty is the eldest grandson of Queen Victoria, whom he always loved and venerated with natural affection, and his presence and sympathy with us during the last days of her life



A DISTINGUISHED FAMILY GATHERING.

and their children's children have mingled with the dust. The notable men and women who came from every race and clime to add their tribute of respect to her great memory attested this in no debatable manner.

King Edward VII., it is known, wished the ceremony to partake of a family character, and so the ground of St. James' Park was thick with illustrious relatives, among the number being the German Emperor and Empress, the Royal Dukes and, in many cases, their descendants, while among the other witnesses were the most famous men of every calling and profession, law and politics and religion and literature. The most distant Colonies sent their representatives, and thus the occasion showed the Empire in epitome. The ceremony itself was performed by His Majesty the King, who was accompanied by the Queen, the Prince of Wales and other members of the Royal Family. It was brief and yet dignified and arresting. It began with an address to the King presented by Lord Esher on behalf of the Executive Committee. In it the belief was expressed that "the memorial which Your Majesty is about to unveil will stand for ages to come," not only in remembrance of the

and afterwards will never be forgotten by me and my people." He ended with a most eloquent eulogy of Queen Victoria. Then there was a pause, after which the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London began the Dedication Service. When this was over the King rose, touched a button, and the veil parted and disclosed the statue of the Queen, whereupon the air rang with the acclamations of the cheering crowd and the noise of artillery as a salute was fired in the Park. These were the main incidents with regard to the unveiling. When it was over the German Emperor advanced and laid a wreath of evergreens at the foot of the statue, and another wreath of Guards.

Thus closed a magnificent function, and the Royal party slowly wended its way back to Buckingham Palace. The event was historic, and probably will gather round it even greater interest when the historian of the future begins to weigh and define the effect of Queen Victoria's individuality and long reign upon the fortunes of England and the advancement of the human race.





## TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

ALBERT EDWARDS removed a bright green cloth cap and wiped his hot face. "Good Lord!" he fervently

ejaculated. "It is hot!"

It was mid-day. It was August Bank Holiday, and the sun was blazing in the cloudless sky in a way which it rarely does upon Bank holidays, August or otherwise. For some three hours the young man had been pushing his bicycle along an apparently interminable road.

Minnie Hopton, his "young lady," was spending the week-end with her parents at her birthplace, a village about twenty miles from London. Albert had rashly undertaken to cycle down for the day. He was very imperfectly acquainted with the habits of his machine, which was a new acquisition. About halfway to his destination he had punctured his back tire badly, and he had not the smallest conception of how to repair it. Subsequently he had taken the wrong road, and had not discovered his mistake until he was several miles out of his way. As far as he could gather he was still fully an hour's walk from Minnie's home, and he felt absolutely incapable of struggling along for another half-mile. He was covered with dust from head to foot, his head was throbbing, his throat parched; altogether he felt at the end of his endurance as he halted at the foot of the ninth hill he had ascended that morning.

If there had been an atom of shade in sight, Albert would have indulged in a rest and a pipe, but the roadside grass, white with dust and in the full blaze of the sun, looked singularly uninviting. And there might be a public-house round the next corner. . . . Lured by that evanescent hope, the young man prepared to embark on the weary ascent, when—whizz—round the bend in the road flashed another bicycle.

Albert had scarcely time to notice that the girl who rode it had evidently lost control of her machine when she was upon him, knocking him off his feet, to sprawl on his back in the dust. If he had been riding, he would probably have been badly injured. As it was, the senses were knocked out of him for a moment, but otherwise he was practically unhurt.

Albert scrambled to his feet, humiliated and furious. His unfortunate bicycle lay in the road, a perfect wreck. It was obvious that he would never be able to ride it again. The young man turned angrily on the culprit. She and her cycle had been thrown down on the roadside grass by the force of the collision, but neither of them appeared to be much the worse.

She left her machine and came towards him with a look of concern on her face. But Albert Edwards was much too angry to notice shades of expression.

"Ere, why can't you look where you're goin'?" he began, fiercely. "Comin' down the 'ill like a bloomin' motor! Nice mess you've made of me an' my bike. Right down idiotic, I calls it."

"I am sorry." The sweetness of the girl's voice struck Albert even in his annoyance. "I am *very* sorry. Please forgive me."

Albert Edwards reddened and pulled himself together. "Beg your pardon, Miss," he stammered, awkwardly. "O' course it was an accident. I'm sorry I spoke 'astily, but you rather knocked the stuffin' out o' me. I 'ardly remembered as I was speakin' to a lady."

"I do trust you are not hurt?" The sweet voice was very gentle and solicitous. "As for the poor bicycle—ah, I can see for myself! Oh, I am truly sorry! What can I do?"

Albert flicked some of the dust from his clothes, and tried to put a bold face on the matter. "Don't you bother, Miss," he said. "I'm not 'urt myself, an' as for the bike—well, accidents will 'appen in the best families."

## AN AFFAIR OF STATE.

BY

VIOLET M. METHLEY.



He finished jauntily, but his affectation of carelessness was not altogether successful. The girl interrupted him with a little cry of dismay.

"Look! Your foot—you are hurt!"

Albert glanced down. There was a great rent in his stocking just above the ankle, displaying a jagged cut. He sat down by the side of the road to examine matters.

The girl produced a little bottle of water from her cycle basket. She insisted on bathing the young man's ankle herself. Afterwards she made a pad of her soaked handkerchief and tied it on, using his own as a bandage.

All of these proceedings gave Albert time to examine his companion at his leisure. She was a girl of about three and twenty, slight, but prettily round in figure. Her complexion seemed to Albert absolutely dazzling; her hair was pale gold and her eyes were intensely blue. She reminded the young man of the lady pictured on a box of chocolates which he had lately given to Minnie. It appeared to Albert that she was very plainly and cheaply dressed. He put her down in his mind as a nursery governess or something of that kind.

Anyway, she was uncommonly pretty. He was just thinking this, when she looked up and found his eyes fixed upon her. She flushed slightly and rose to her feet, but without annoyance. There was nothing offensive in the young fellow's stare.

"There, that is better; is it not so?" the girl asked.

Albert noticed, for the first time, that there was something unusual in her phraseology, although she spoke English perfectly. She continued, looking regretfully at the wrecked bicycle, "But your poor bicycle! I do not see how you are to proceed. You cannot ride and neither should you walk. And it is all my fault! As to the bicycle, I can, of course, make compensation, but—"

Albert interrupted, flushing hotly, even through his sunburn. "Look 'ere, don't you talk like that. 'Course I'm not goin' to take anythin' from you for the bike. 'Spect I can afford to pay for it a jolly sight better than you, an' anyway it was an accident."

The girl looked at him with a slight smile. "But in my country, that would not be thought fair," she said. "He who breaks should pay."

Albert put aside the question with dignity. "Then you're not English?" he said.

"No, I am a German."

"Really!" Albert stared with undisguised interest. "D'you know, I've never seen a German young lady before. Men, of course, I know, commercial travellers and waiters and such. They're 'eaps of them about. Come over in 'undreds, they do. You're after a situation, I 'spose, aren't you?"

The girl's face became rather grave. She half turned away and spoke seriously. "Yes, that is just how it is. I was sent over from Germany about a—situation."

"And are you going to take it?"

"I do not know. It is not yet settled, but many people wish it."

"What sort of place is it? Screw good?"

The girl stared at him uncomprehendingly.

"Oh, I forgot you were a foreigner! Salary—wages, I mean."

"Oh, yes, I understand. The—the salary is very high."

"Put you in a better position than what you are now?"

"I suppose that it would be considered so."

"Then why don't you make up yer mind?"

"Because I want to take a different—situation."

"One as you'd like better yourself?"



"Ah, yes, far—far better." A little smile played over the girl's face.

"But your people want you to take the other one?"

"Yes, my people want me to take the other one."

"Ard lines! But I 'spose you could take it on for a bit, an' then chuck it if you found as you couldn't stand it?"

"No!" The girl's fair face hardened and she compressed her lips. "Whatever I decide to do will probably bind me for my whole life."

"Whew!" Albert whistled. "Jolly difficult thing to settle, then! Must be a funny sort of job, though. I don't see how you can be expected to bind yourself down for life to anythin'. What 'ud 'appen if you wanted to get spliced—no, you won't understand that—married, I mean?"

"Ah, but that's the question, you see."

"No—I don't see. . . ." Albert look puzzled.

"Marriage is the question I mean. That is the situation which we have been talking about."

"O—h—h! Now I twig! Your people want you to marry one man, an' you're in love with another."

The girl blushed deliciously. "Yes. You have understood me perfectly."

"An' t'other chap's rich, an' your man's poor."

"Ye-es, he is comparatively poor. And the other is rich—very rich."

"Still, I 'spose you'd 'ave enough to live on—with care?"

"Oh, yes, I think so—with care." The girl spoke very gravely.

"An' you're awfully fond of 'im?"

"Yes, I am. Awfully fond of him."

"An' you don't like the other?"

"No—I *hate* him." There was sudden resolution and fire in the gentle voice.

"Then, I shouldn't make any more bones about it," declared Albert, decidedly. "It's you 'oo've got to do the marryin'."

"But I have not only myself to consider. . . ."

"Yes, you 'ave. You shouldn't think of anythin' else, I tells you. Look 'ere! You're only likely to get married once in your life, an' what I says is that it's only feelings what ought to be considered. Why, there's me own case. Very like yours it is, too. My old father wanted me to marry Florrie 'iggins. There's a nice little grocer's business what'll be 'ers when 'er father dies. So I got walking out with 'er. Well, I didn't like the girl. Mind you, I ain't got nothin' against 'er, only somehow I didn't cotton to 'er. So I said to 'er, 'Look 'ere, it 'ad better be off. We'll never suit each other.' Father, 'e did lose 'is 'air when I told 'im as Minnie 'Opton was the girl for me. There was trouble, I can tell you, but it passed over, an' I'm goin' to marry Minnie come September."

The girl listened reflectively to Albert's discourse, her chin in her hand. She had seated herself on the grass near him, and she looked up with a sudden smile when he had finished.

"Thank you," she said. "Thank you for telling me about you and Minnie. I should like to know your name."

"Edwards—Albert Edwards. Quite like Royalty, as far as sound goes, isn't it?" He laughed boyishly. "Won't you tell me yours, too?"

The girl hesitated slightly before answering.

"My name is Catherine Feltenburg. It is German, you know."

"An' I say—shall we swop addresses? I'd be jolly glad to 'ear what you settle to do. Nineteen, Rupert Road, 'Oxton, 'll find me."

Before the girl had time to answer, their conversation was interrupted. Two men on bicycles whirled round the corner and sprang to the ground in front of the pair seated by the roadside. Both swept off their hats and the elder spoke hurriedly.

"Your Royal Highness—what a relief to find you here! We missed the road, and when we did not come up with you, we feared that there had been some accident."

The girl rose slowly to her feet. Albert Edwards sat still, stupefied with amazement. He realised that the younger of the two newcomers was staring at him superciliously. At last he addressed him, with a marked foreign accent.

"May I enquire—you can scarcely be aware to whom you have been speaking?"

Albert scrambled clumsily to his feet. He pulled off his cap and handled it nervously. He could think of nothing more appropriate to say than the words which came first to his lips.

"You ought to 'ave told me," he said, looking reproachfully at the girl. "It wasn't fair to let me put my foot in it like that."

The two other men looked thunder-struck, and the younger was about to speak, when the girl stopped him.

"Gentlemen, he is perfectly right. I ought to have told him. It is I, you must know, who am responsible for damaging

his bicycle. It is no thanks to me that I did not badly hurt him also. Now, what is to be done?"

The elder man came forward and asked the embarrassed Albert a few questions. Having learnt his destination, he turned to the girl.

"It will be quite easy to manage, your Royal Highness. I will order a motor-car to be sent here, to take him to Kettisham. It is only a few miles distant. As for this"—glancing at the bicycle—"it is scarcely worth removing."

Albert heard the arrangements made in a kind of stupor. The only thing which he remembered quite clearly afterwards were the words which the girl said when she bade him good-bye.

Her two companions were waiting for her a short distance away, as she leant towards Albert and spoke in a lowered voice.

"Good-bye—and thank you. I have quite made up my mind, and I shall follow your advice." With that she was gone, with a smile and a wave of her hand.

Albert, seated by the roadside in a bewildered dream, was aroused by the appearance of a magnificent motor-car, with two perfectly matched, dark-liveried chauffeurs. He was borne to the home of Minnie Hopton in triumph, having recovered sufficiently to ask the chauffeurs a few questions on the way.

Three important events were the result of Albert Edwards' adventure. The first was the arrival of a magnificent bicycle a few days later. The second occurred several months afterwards, only a week or two before Albert's wedding-day. A mysterious parcel was delivered to him, which, being opened, disclosed a beautiful silver tea-service. In an envelope which lay within was a sheet of paper, on which was written, in a clear hand, "To Mr. and Mrs. Albert Edwards, in token of most grateful thanks." The envelope also contained a newspaper cutting, which notified to Albert the third event.

"A marriage has been arranged, and will take place shortly, between Her Royal Highness Princess Catherine of Saxe-Feltenburg Weimar and Frederick Charles, eldest son of the Duke of Luvadia. It was lately rumoured that the Princess was about to make another, far more brilliant match, and one which would have been very desirable for reasons of state. It had long been known, however, to the personal friends of the Princess that her affections were engaged in another quarter."

## SOME MARES AT THE WORKSOP MANOR STUD.

TAKEN up at first more or less as a hobby, the breeding of bloodstock at Worksop Manor soon became one of the principal occupations in Sir John Robinson's busy life. Gradually more land was taken in and the stud increased in size, until at the present time it shelters some forty brood mares and twenty-four yearlings, to which, in all probability, about twenty-three foals will have been added by the time these notes appear. For all this bloodstock there is room and to spare at Worksop, and the conditions under which the young stock are reared are such that when handed over to the trainer there is no soft, fatty flesh to melt away when work begins. For present purposes we are dealing only with the mares, and here it may be noted that "fancy" prices do not appeal to Sir John, who, with reason, prefers to rely upon his own practical knowledge of make and shape, combined with a due appreciation of the principle of breeding from and to the best strains of "running" blood. On the other hand, in the mating of the mares no fee is considered too big to pay for the services of stallions of proved worth, as may be seen by the fact that among the sires to whom the Worksop mares are now foaling are such horses as St. Frusquin, at 300 guineas; Radium, 200 guineas; Your Majesty, 200 guineas; Cicero, 200 guineas; Isinglass, 200 guineas; and Gallinule, 200 guineas. The foregoing facts, taken in conjunction with the successes gained on the Turf by stock bred and reared at Worksop, lend interest to a study of the pedigrees of some of the mares, and more especially perhaps to the selection of the stallions with whom they are now to be mated. As the dam of that distinctly useful and none too lucky colt, William the Fourth, there are certainly possibilities about Lady Sevington 24, a chestnut mare by Gallinule out of Alice Morgan, by Morgan out of Ben Alice, by Ben Battle. She was bred in 1900 by Miss Knox Gore, and last year was sent to Radium (3) and is to be mated with John o' Gaunt (3), by Isinglass (3) out of La Flèche, by St. Simon 11 out of Quiver. Lady Sevington herself is, it will be noticed, a member of quite an outside Bruce Lowe family, and whether or no the problem of her mating has been worked out in accordance with the Bruce Lowe theories

it is none the less interesting to note that she produced William the Fourth to William the Third (2), and has now been successively sent to Radium and John o' Gaunt, the "outside" strain of blood being in each instance corrected, so to speak, by a crossing with the very best strains of "running" blood. Entitled to the consideration due to the dam of a winner of an Ascot Cup is Neophyte (3), a bay mare foaled in 1897, by St. Simon 11 out of Neenah, by York 10. Last year she was mated with Isinglass (3), by whom, too, was sired her big, upstanding yearling colt sent up to Doncaster last year, and subsequently leased, I believe, to Lord Lonsdale; and she will now be sent to Robert le Diable (1), by Ayrshire 8 out of Rose Bay, by Melton 8. Bomba, her Ascot Cup winner, was, it may be noted, got by Carbine (2), by Musket (3) out of Mersey, by Knowsley (3) out of Clemence, by Newminster 8; and Carbine, the best horse that ever trod the Australian turf, was, like Isinglass, a stayer of the first class. Weir (4), a bay mare by Galopin (3) out of Dee, by Blair Athol 10, represents a good type of brood mare, and came very near to producing a good colt when The Whirlpool, by Ayrshire, was foaled in 1906. Last season her mate was Veles (4), by Isinglass (3) out of Velleda, by Robert the Devil (1) out of Idun, by Rosicrucian (5) out of Wee Wee, by Stockwell (3), so that her third year's foal will be inbred to the No. (4) family. In 1906, Ardmore 11, a bay mare by Gallinule 19 out of The Sleeping Beauty, by Ben Battle (4) out of The Beauty, by Macaroni (14), produced Riverina, a useful colt by Raeburn, and the following year her produce was a good-looking brown filly by Ayrshire, bought by Mr. J. Buchanan for 2,200 guineas. Of this filly great things were expected; for constitutional reasons her Turf career was a failure, but for this she will, no doubt, make amends as a brood mare. Last year Ardmore was mated with St. Amant 14, a young stallion of great promise by St. Frusquin 22 out of Lady Loverule, by Muncaster 16 out of Nellie, by Hermit (5), and she will now go to Flotsam (1), by St. Frusquin 22 out of Float, by Sheen (2) out of Footlight, by Cremorne (2) out of Paraffin, by Blair Athol 10, and the mating should "nick" both in blood and in regard to the make and shape of the horse and the mare.

Linacre, quite a useful colt and a good winner, was got in 1904 by Wolf's Crag 15 out of Lismaine 8, one of the Worksop Manor mares, herself by Isinglass (3) out of Kilkenny, by Ormonde 16 out of Bryonia, by Speculum (1). Mated last year with Marco (3), by Barcaldine 23 out of Novitiate, by Hermit (5) out of Betty, by Lambton 9, Lismaine now goes to Neil Gow (1), by Marco (3) out of Chelandry, by Goldfinch out of Illuminata, by Rosicrucian (5). The produce of Pindi (4), a brown mare foaled in 1893 by Galopin (3) out of Dee, by Blair Athol 10, are, as a rule, big, commanding-looking youngsters, of whom Dalgety may be cited as an example. She went last year to Cicero (1), by Cyllene 9 out of Gas, by Ayrshire 8 out of Illuminata, by Rosicrucian (5) out of Paraffin, by Blair Athol 10, a beautifully-bred horse, and one, too, that has let down and furnished into a lovely specimen of a thorough-bred stallion. This year the mare goes to Marcovil 12, by Marco (3) out of Lady Villikins, by Hagioscope 23; and taking her own pedigree into account, this seems to be judicious mating, as tending to correct the rather delicate strain of blood she inherits through her dam, Dee. Doremi (2) is not quite so young as she might be, but she is a beautifully-bred mare by Bend Or (1) out of Lady Emily, by Macaroni 14. Donna and Rondeau II., two of her daughters, were got by Bay Ronald. She went last year to Robert le Diable (1), by Ayrshire 8 out of Rose Bay, by Melton 8, and now goes to Sir Archibald 26, by Desmond 16 out of Arc Light, by Prism 9.



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LADY SEVINGTON.

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NEOPHYTE.

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LISMAINE.

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by Uncas (1) out of Rainbow; and here, again, it seems as though perhaps Sir John has in view the strengthening of the rather delicate blood in the dam by the infusion of the, so to speak, "outbred" strain brought in by the sire. There is quite an Irish ring about the breeding of Melba 25, a chestnut mare foaled in 1891 by Necromancer 9 out of Cairo, by Herbertstown (2), by Belladrum out of Nora. She went last year to Sundridge (2), by Amphion 12 out of Sierra, by Springfield 12 out of Sanda, by Wenlock (4), and she is this year to be mated with Polymelus (3), by Cyllene 9 out of Maid Marian (3), by Hampton (10) out of Quiver, by Toxophilite (3).

For the mares and young stock at Worksop Manor a "simple life" is the order of the day; no artificial foods are used, they have ample room in which to stretch their limbs, and the "boxes" in which they live when indoors are roomy, light and airy. In Mr. Staples, upon whom much of the management of the great stud devolves, Sir John has been fortunate in finding a right-hand man who, with the advantages of youth and strength on his side, brings to bear upon his labours practical knowledge as well as keen enthusiasm. T. H. B.

## A VISIT TO A FINNISH FARM

THE farm was Finnish but the hostess was English, and I, a lone and weary traveller, arrived at the station of Uusikirkko, somewhere near the Russian frontier, very early one summer morning on a visit to the lady and her farm. My box was thrown out on the platform with that peculiar tenderness that characterises the actions of all railway porters. As I could not speak a word of any of the local dialects, I promptly sat on the box and waited for developments. Nothing developed. Nobody took the slightest notice of me. I went up to an official and mentioned the name of my hostess. He replied in several tongues. I repeated the name of the English lady again. We alternated in this way for several minutes, after which three other officials were summoned, and a very animated discussion ensued. Having stirred up some interest in myself and property, I sat down on the box again, listened to the conversation and silently munched biscuits the while. From time to time the excited gentlemen turned to me and asked me questions. To each and all of them I replied, "Mrs. A—r."

Now I had been informed that a man would be sent to the station to meet me. There were many men at the station, and they all spoke to me, so I could not discover the one who was specially interested in my visit. I began to feel confused and idiotic with my continual repetition of a lady's name. Besides, it did not sound very respectful to the hostess. I played every tune I could on it, accented it, toned it and put it into major, minor and Straussian scales. Suddenly two of the porters seized my box and went off with it at a rapid trot. Always follow your luggage! They put it in a small carriage, and I got in beside it. There was not much room for me, and in order to make my position secure I embraced as much as I could of the box with both my arms. My appearance now corresponded to my speech—singular and distressed. People laughed. Had it been in an English village the spectators would probably have thrown stones. The driver mounted the box, whipped up the pony, and away we went over the dreadful routes they call roads in Finland. The coachman—Paul was his name—looked a fairly untamed specimen of humanity, except for a decided tendency to laugh. I had never seen such a cheery kind of barbarian before. The drive was full of excitement. The carriage was hardly ever horizontal, and the luggage and I played a wrestling match from start to finish. When the box



was not on the top of me, I was on the top of the box. I won. Every time I got up from under my impedimenta, there, sure enough, was Paul looking at me, his bearded face wreathed in smiles. When I bounced up and down like an india-rubber ball, to the detriment of my temper and the discomfort of my person, he chuckled audibly. When he nearly ran over a little dog his merriment increased, and when his own dog chased some chickens and made them fly over a fence he rolled about in his excitement. He was a wonderfully merry man. All this time I had not the remotest idea where I was going. My pronunciation of a lady's name might have suggested some other lady, or even some distant inland village, where my unexpected and inexplicable advent would result in experiences of an unrestful type. But somehow I had confidence in Paul, and I made up my mind that if anything went wrong I would cling to the merry man, even if I had to forsake my belongings. As it turned out, he was the real, right man after all, and was taking me to the house to which I had been invited. When he deposited me at the front door he was brimming over with glee, and pointed me out to the female servants with great enjoyment. I wonder what Paul's face would look like if the smiles came out!

To understand Finnish farming we have to take into consideration certain climatic conditions with which we ourselves are unfamiliar. The winter lasts for six long months—from November to April. The other three seasons are distributed among the remaining six months. During the winter the whole land lies buried under snow that, even in the south, is rarely

ripen, but wild raspberries and strawberries grow everywhere, and some luscious wild fruits are even confined to the far north. The further north we go, the longer the summer day becomes, and the concentration of the light in this way causes extremely rapid growth. Grain can be sown, grown and harvested in twelve weeks. Further south sixteen or seventeen weeks would be necessary. But the character of the climate is not the only drawback to agriculture. With the exception of one province—Osterbotten—the rest of the land is covered with a continuous forest, and before plants can be grown the forest must be destroyed. The earlier methods of clearing the ground were fairly barbarous. The trees were simply burned down and the grain planted in the ashes. This is usually referred to as the Sved method of cultivation, but it has nothing to do with Sweden, and existed long before the Swedes conquered the country. The soil obtained in this way was very rich, and would yield harvests for three years. After that another patch was burnt down, and the young trees and shrubs sprang up again in the ground from which they had been displaced. This wasteful method of cultivation has now practically disappeared, as the Government has taken steps to prevent the wholesale destruction of so much valuable forest land.

Having got rid of the forest, the ground can be cultivated, I saw nothing original or exciting in connection with the planting of cabbages, but was much interested in the ingathering of the hay. Finnish grass is like English grass, and, not being an agricultural expert, I failed to distinguish much difference between the field implements used in the two countries. But the Finnish method of drying the grass struck me as a novel one. Roughly speaking, the grass is hung up on hat-pegs and clothes-lines. The hat-pegs are arranged on the side of a long pole, and when they have been covered with hay the result is a series of cylindrical attenuated hay-ricks. The clothes-lines are of wood, supported on poles. A considerable amount of ingenuity is shown in the erection of these structures, for there is neither iron nail nor wooden peg, nor any form of tying either with wire, rope or other fibre. The poles support each other without constraint. By whatever means the grass is exposed to the four winds of heaven, drying is much more rapid than if it be allowed to lie upon the ground. The outer layers protect the inner ones, and a day's heavy rain has little or no effect upon the interior of the pile. When the hay is ready it is carried away in sledges to be stored, not in ricks but in huge sheds, where it can be got at when the deep snows come.

Oats will not ripen in the open air, and are dried and ripened by artificial heat in wooden sheds that resemble those used for storing hay, except that a black mark on the exterior, made by the issuing smoke, affords the necessary means of identification. The usual hours for work are from six o'clock till eight, then from nine till one, and, finally, from three till eight. Formerly the farm hands worked from five in the morning till eight in the evening in summer and from eight till five in the winter. In the dark months the men have to feed the cattle, attend to the forest, and make and repair the wooden buildings and implements of the farm.

Paul drove me to the station when I left Uusikirkko. He was still smiling, and though I may never see his merry twinkle any more, I am sure I shall never forget the hearty way he shook hands with me at parting and wished me in wondrous tones a pleasant journey.

ERNEST YOUNG.



W. A. Rouch.

MARES AT WORKSOP: ARDMORE.

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less than six feet deep. Daylight lasts from ten till two, and is not always worth calling daylight. The ice fiend holds the land in his grip, and rivers and lakes, even the very sea itself, are frozen over. There are roads across the ice from Finland to Sweden and Esthonia. Wheeled vehicles give place to sledges and railway engines are fitted with snow-ploughs.

Spring comes suddenly, and is followed immediately by a short summer, during which the heat is so intense at mid-day that on the Arctic circle it is almost impossible to face it without great discomfort. The forests burst into leaf, wild flowers spring up as if by magic, birds and insects appear from winter quarters, and the air is full of the fragrance of the pine trees and the whispering of the birch. As if to make up for the length of the winter months and the shortness of the winter days, the nights take upon themselves the character of the day. The evening light is that of the early morn, and the last flush of the twilight is so akin to the first pale colour of the dawn that without a watch you could scarcely tell which was which. Rest and peace descend upon the earth, and the weird character of the light and the tints assumed by all things earthly under its softening and unearthly influence fill the mind with inexpressible suggestions of the mysterious and the infinite.

The only plants which can profitably be grown under Finnish conditions are such as will ripen rapidly—certain kinds of fruits, vegetables and grasses, the latter including such hardy cereals as oats and rye. North of Uleaborg orchard fruits will not

## WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

BRITISH BIRDS OF PREY—THE EAGLES.

IN this brief survey I propose only to make mention of our British eagles, hawks and falcons, omitting the owls, which I hope to treat of in a subsequent article. Our British raptorial birds have been sadly reduced during the last hundred years, one of the prime reasons being the immense advances made in game preservation and the consequent destruction of all forms of winged raptorial birds believed to be inimical to the rearing of grouse, black-game, partridges, pheasants and other sporting birds. The lists of so-called "vermin" slain on the more important Highland estates during the earlier part of the last century were prodigious. Some of these have been preserved, and from them one can glean some idea of the wealth of raptorial life, especially in North Britain, before the year 1840. Of our nobler birds of prey, that magnificent raptorial, the golden eagle, still maintains existence, and, in fact, during the last score of years, thanks to the protection afforded it by certain great landowners, has even increased in numbers. The efforts of these public-spirited proprietors are occasionally frustrated by the insidious

assaults of egg-collectors, who think nothing of bribing a keeper to betray his trust and allow a clutch of eggs to be rifled. Happily, the majority of keepers are true to their salt, and, thanks to their increasing vigilance, the golden eagle is now assured of existence in a good many parts of the Highlands and islands of Scotland. In the North and West of Ireland a few of these birds still manage to escape extinction; there, however, owing to the lack of adequate protection, their existence is more precarious and more threatened than it is in the North of Scotland. The white-tailed eagle, sometimes known as the Erne or sea-eagle, bred formerly in Lakeland, Lundy Island, the Isle of Man and the South of Scotland. It has, however, been extirpated from these haunts during the last century, and at the present time its few remaining nesting sites in Britain are only to be found in certain localities in the north forests of Scotland, Shetland and the West of Ireland. This grand eagle, which exceeds in size even the golden species, is pretty often seen on its autumn migration in various parts of England, chiefly in the East and South. Twice within the last six years have specimens been noted on the Willingdon Golf Links, near Eastbourne. The spotted eagle (*Aquila maculata*) is merely a wanderer to these islands, and usually a very rare one. In the year 1891, however, no fewer than four were killed in Essex and Suffolk in November and December. These were, of course, migrating birds which had the ill fortune to set foot in England.

#### THE FISHING-HAWK.

The osprey (*Pandion haliaetus*), locally known as the fishing hawk, fishing eagle, bald buzzard and, in Sussex and Hampshire, as the mullet-hawk, although it formerly bred in various parts of England and Scotland, is now known as a breeding species only in some few parts of the Highlands, where, however, it would seem that its existence is maintained with some difficulty. It is doubtful whether these raptorial birds ever breed in Ireland, although they are not infrequent visitors to that country. This bird is occasionally seen in England, on migration, and where it is unmolested will even take up a temporary abode by some suitable fishing water, such as a lake or a quiet broad, for a not inconsiderable period. Some few years since an osprey remained quietly fishing at Filby Broad, Norfolk, for three months, its food during that time consisting chiefly of bream. A pair visited the same broad a year or two later. In the autumn of 1908 another of these fishing eagles haunted the fine lake at Shardloes, Bucks, the seat of Mr. Tyrwhitt Drake, for some days, feeding largely on small pike. If owners and keepers would follow the excellent examples thus set, no doubt the osprey would be a far more frequent visitor to English waters than it now is. The griffon vulture and the Egyptian vulture have once or twice wandered to these islands and been observed, but they are certainly not to be regarded as normal examples of British birds.

#### THE HARRIERS.

Three harriers have long been known as denizens of various parts of Britain. These are the marsh, the hen and Montagu's harrier. The marsh harrier, formerly quite a familiar bird in moorland and marshy tracts of country, and known variously as moor buzzard, duckhawk and white-headed harpy, is, unhappily, far scarcer than it used to be. It is now quite unknown as a breeding bird, and its visits to this country are distinctly rare. The downfall of this splendid harrier began with the draining of the fen country, where it formerly bred, and has been continued by the hostility of keepers, to whom it is particularly obnoxious. A pair or two nested in the Norfolk Broad district so lately as 1866, and another pair were recorded in North Wales in 1877. The hen harrier, another fine raptorial, is, happily, still maintained on the list of British breeding species, and is much more familiar, although its attempts at nesting and bringing off its young are far too often frustrated by the greed of wealthy egg-collectors and their readily-bribed satellites. This bird still breeds in the Orkneys and some few other Northern parts of Scotland. On migration in the autumn it is pretty often observed in various parts of England. On three occasions during the last few years I have noted this bird on Pevensy Marshes in East Sussex during late autumn and winter. On one occasion the bird remained for at least three weeks. Montagu's harrier, a slightly smaller bird than the last-named species, is still fairly well known. This is a spring and summer visitant, usually making its first appearance with us in the month of April. It would, undoubtedly, nest and bring off its young annually in the Norfolk Broad country were it not frustrated by the ever-alert egg-robbers of that district. In some of the quieter parts of England, especially in the South and West, this harrier still manages to make its nest. Within the last fifteen years at least two pairs have nested in Sussex. Unfortunately, in one of these instances the nest was destroyed and both birds shot by a keeper, who ought to have known better. This very elegant raptorial is, happily, from its migratory habits and its abundance in other parts of Europe, likely, for a good many years to come, to maintain its existence on the British list.

#### THE BUZZARDS.

The so-called common buzzard, known also as the puttock and wood buzzard, was once so plentiful in England as to merit its appellation. To-day it is, from constant persecution, especially by game-preservers, much less well known. In suitable localities, such as some of the Northern deer-forests and in some of the wilder parts of Lakeland, Devon and Cornwall, it is, however, even at this day, still a not unfamiliar bird. When hunting on Exmoor I have remarked these buzzards on many occasions. Twice or thrice during the last few years people in the lake districts of Cumberland and Westmorland have been astonished and somewhat alarmed by the assaults of these birds, which boldly stooped at them in a most threatening manner. Buzzards, in fact, seem often to have a strong objection to any intruders on their solitudes, and will menace and even strike repeatedly at sheep and dogs as well as human beings. They seem to cherish a special hatred of dogs. These wood-loving raptorial birds formerly bred in many parts of England, but are now only found as a nesting species in the Highlands, Hebrides, Orkneys, occasionally in the North and West of England and in Wales. The rough-legged buzzard, a somewhat bigger bird than the common species, is a bird of Northern Europe, which comes to us chiefly as an irregular visitant in the autumn. In some seasons it is more abundant than others, and in the autumn of 1891 especially large numbers of these birds were observed and, I fear, too often shot in many parts of England. In 1903, 1880-81 and 1875-76 considerable migrations were also noticed. There is no well-authenticated instance of these buzzards having bred in Britain. None the less, various authorities hold, and have held, that they did formerly nest in the North of England and one or two parts of Scotland.

H. A. B.

(To be continued.)

## THE NUTHATCH.

A BIRD of the woodland with which few people are really intimate is the nuthatch. He is about as large as a sparrow, but rather similar in shape to a woodpecker, and makes a noise quite out of proportion to his size, for he is the author of a good deal of that mysterious knocking so often heard during a walk among trees. The colours of the nuthatch when seen at close quarters are striking and rather handsomely contrasted. His breast and the lower parts of his body are a reddish buff, his back and tail are a pretty blue-grey and a conspicuous black line runs from his beak to his ear. His feet are like those of other birds in shape, not zygodactylic like the woodpecker's. It is a pleasure to watch him at any time, for he looks the soul of energy, either running about a tree trunk or branch, peering here and there, or on the wing, where his short tail makes him appear rather odd. Frequently his flight is rather undulating, but sometimes he comes along with almost the speed and directness of the kingfisher.

The food of the nuthatch is varied, insects and certain seeds making a good proportion, in addition to the nuts which his name suggests. In gardens containing nut trees he is inclined to be a nuisance, for I have often seen him in one of my own trees, not stealing the nuts one at a time, but by the bunch. Indeed, so bold does the nuthatch become at times that I have even known of one caught in a squirrel trap baited with nuts. His method of dealing with the nuts once he has them is interesting, for, being unable or unwilling to hold them with his feet, he forces them into a crevice of some sort, usually in the bark of a tree, and then sitting back on his haunches he turns his head at right angles to his body and hammers the shell to pieces. Crumbs and anything else he comes across are fixed in cracks and crevices in the same way. Noticing that the nuthatch sometimes visited an old and decayed post in my garden, I started putting food on the top to attract him, and he soon became a frequent caller. Darting his head into a hollow



H. H. Pittman. THE SOUL OF ENERGY.

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where the crumbs were more plentiful he would secure a big one right at the back of his beak, then follow it with another, and so on until he was unable to carry more. Immediately he would fly to an ancient nut tree almost overhanging the post, fix them in the bark, eat them and descend for a fresh supply. The nuthatch differs in many ways from the woodpeckers, although at a casual glance he looks so similar. For one thing,

his tail is not used to support him when climbing a tree, while the latter birds have tails specially adapted to form a third leg. Then, again, he is not only able to run up a perpendicular trunk, but *down again* also, a thing I believe the woodpeckers are quite unable to do.

During May and June the nuthatch builds and lays its eggs in a hole in a tree, the entrance of which, if too large, has been stopped up with mud and clay until the birds can only just slip through. The nest is very slight, and the six or seven eggs are white, speckled with red-brown spots, and closely resemble those of the great tit. Unless there are trees in a



H. H. Pittman.

## HIS DINING-TABLE.

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garden or in the immediate vicinity it is most improbable that the nuthatch will visit it; but if trees are plentiful, he will readily feed at a bird-table, and even become friendly. The best things to attract him are the kernels of nuts, suet and soaked and crumbled biscuits, which he seems to prefer to bread-crumbs, although at times he will feast upon the latter readily enough. His call-notes are distinctive,

although not very varied; but once they are learned the bird's presence can easily be detected. In the spring he whistles "pee, pee, pee" frequently, and in the winter he utters a rapid, clear "whit-whit-whit." He is also said to chatter to himself while running up and down the trees. The nuthatch is not uncommon in most parts of England where there are woods, but he is rare in Scotland, and stated to be quite absent from Ireland. I believe the Continental species, the white-breasted nuthatch, has visited our shores, but it either has not attempted to nest or has been shot before it has had an opportunity to do so

H. H. PITTMAN.

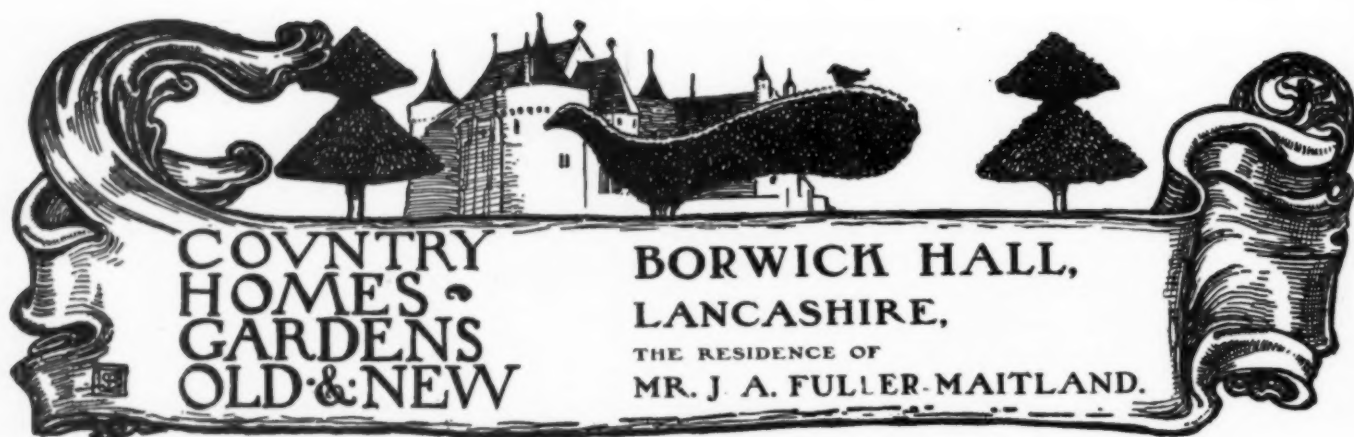


DARTING HIS HEAD INTO A HOLLOW.



SEEKING ANOTHER CRUMB.





**L**ANCASHIRE is still rich in ancient Halls, although the amenity of many of them has been sadly lessened by the influence of mines and manufactures on their environment. Borwick has escaped this fate. It is true, the local guide to Carnforth, which is part of the same parish, sets down as that township's chief title of fame "its very up-to-date iron works." Certainly these are known and deplored by everyone who goes by train past Lancaster to the Lake Country. But Carnforth is the only black spot of the thirty thousand beautiful and diversified acres that form the great parish of Warton, and include such different formations as the sandy tracks by Morecambe Bay, the rocky district known as "The Craggs" and the rich, undulating, well-watered agricultural lands amid which Borwick Hall rears its gabled front.

Borwick is a "berewick" or subordinate manor of Warton, and appears first in the thirteenth century, when Patricius de Berwic, with eleven of his countrymen, perambulated the boundaries of the Lancashire forests. It has, however, little history previous to the time of the present Hall, which bears the date and aspect of the later days of Elizabeth, though portions of the structure must certainly be earlier. The great tower so far interferes with the balance of the south-west front as to make it almost certain that it must have existed before that front took its present form and extent. Though it is cleverly made to harmonise with the composition, yet its presence prevented the adoption of a perfectly symmetrical design such as the later

Elizabethans were sufficient classics to desire and to attain when they built anew. And so the author of the Carnforth guide-book has developed the very plausible theory that not only the Peel Tower, but also the buildings that lie east and north of it, formed what he calls "the old Tudor mansion." In that case, all this part would have been built by Thomas Whittington, described as "of Berwyk, Warton Manor," in the inquisition held after his death in 1518. But none of these buildings has any trace of Henry VIII. features, which everywhere, and most especially in so remote a district, were still essentially Gothic. Very likely, then, there was an old house here of which the tower, with its seven-foot thick walls, formed the chief portion. It has its counterpart at many of the places in the district—near by at Arnsdale and Dallam, further afield at Sizergh and Turton Tower. They were a favourite form of abode in the fourteenth century and for long afterwards throughout a region unsettled in itself and liable to raids from across the Scottish Border. To the period of the tower may also belong the ruined building, known as the old chapel, although recently used as pigsties, that juts out at an awkward angle at the east corner of the house. But the Elizabethan builder, who built much that was new, also reconstructed and remodelled what he found. Just as at Turton Tower near Bolton, large, many-lighted windows were inserted into the four storeys of the old defensive tower, and against it were set buildings of ample extent and easy access, such as were the fashion in the growingly peaceful days when the Bindloss family acquired the Borwick



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THE GATEHOUSE AND BARN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

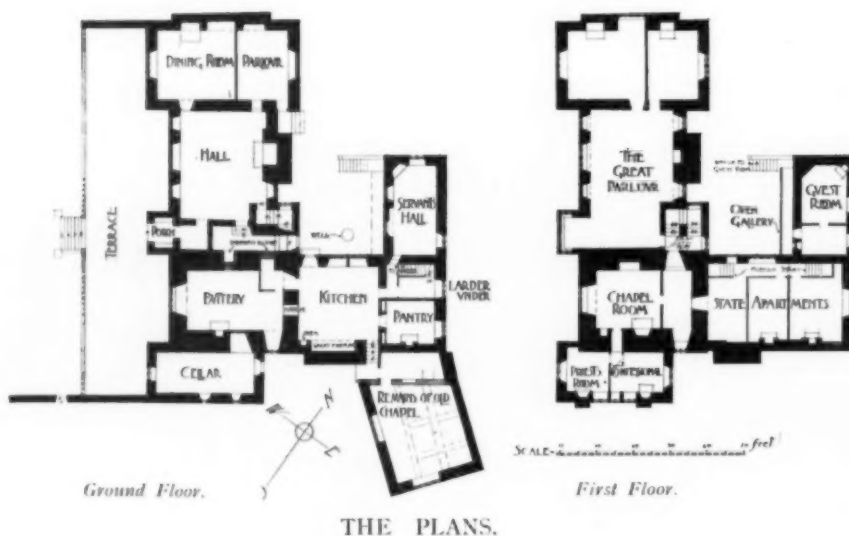


"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE SOUTH FRONT.

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manor. The Bindlosses were Kendal clothiers, and so Borwick is another of the many fine old houses, well known to readers of *COUNTRY LIFE*, that owe their origin to a fortune made in the wool trade. We know that in Edward III.'s time, and for a century after, England was still exporting much of her wool to feed Flemish looms. But weaving was also developing in the country, and though this was most especially the case in East Anglia—which was more directly under Flemish influence—yet it was as early as Edward III.'s time that "John Kempe of Flanders, weaver of woollen cloths," received Royal protection and settled at Kendal. From that time forth Kendal cloth became famous. It is "three misbegotten knaves in Kendal Green" that get behind Falstaff while he is dealing with "men in buckram" in front. As both Camden and Speed testify, Kendal was "very eminent" in the trading world of Elizabeth, and so the Queen gave it a new Charter in 1575. The government was to be in the hands of twelve burgesses, who annually elected from their number a Chief Magistrate, bearing the title of Alderman. The first of these was Henry Wilson, and the fifth Christopher Bindloss. It was during the latter's magistracy that his predecessor got into trouble, for he ran away with his neighbour's wife, and the matter came before Christopher Bindloss, who in very ungallant fashion seems to have dealt



THE PLANS.

severely with the female rather than with the male delinquent. He decreed "that Jenet Eskrigge shall be carted through the Borough to the terror and fear of other persons of evil disposition for the committing of the like offence in time to come." After his year of office he was made a knight, and in 1590 he died. In the same year his son, Robert Bindloss, was at work at Borwick, for that date, with his initials, are carved on a stone in the wall of the long, barn-like structures that flank the gate-house, and of which an illustration, taken from the high road, is given. There seems no doubt that the Bindlosses, as heads of the Kendal industry, established a regular service between Kendal and London for the conveyance of their woollens, and Robert Bindloss is said to have erected these outbuildings along the line of the road to shelter the men and horses employed in the enterprise. His chief mason must have been one Brinsmead, who took care to transmit his name to posterity. At the top of the staircase there is a curious, table-like erection composed of two thick slabs of stone standing on stone columns. Along the edge of the slabs we read the device, "Alixander Brinsmead, mason, 1595." This staircase is in the south-west building that contains hall and drawing-room, and the year 1595 no doubt marks its completion. The scheme of the house shows that it must have been built subsequently to the tower, and



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FROM THE NORTH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE BACK COURT.

Copyright.

perhaps after the east and north portions. But very possibly only a slight interval elapsed between the two building periods, for the details are all very similar.

The year of the completion of his home was likewise that of Sir Robert Bindloss's death. His son, another Sir Robert, succeeded him and was Sheriff of his county in 1613. By his second wife he had a boy who had time to take to himself two wives and represent the county town in Parliament before he died during his father's lifetime. His second marriage was to the

predecessors. He sat for Lancaster in 1640, and was created a baronet by Charles I. in the following year. It was probably this honour conferred at such date that earned him the title of a "distinguished royalist," whereas all the evidence shows that he maintained a prudent neutrality. He took no part in the war, suffered neither fine nor forfeiture, and was High Sheriff under the Commonwealth. It is true that Charles II. slept under his roof on his way to defeat at Worcester in 1651. But there is no evidence for the assertion that he was enter-



Copyright.

THE HANGING GALLERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

daughter of Lord Delaware. The alliance was evidently thought of social importance, and a coat of arms with Bindloss impaling West was until lately a feature above the hall mantel-piece, although the couple it refers to were never in possession of the estate. As Francis Bindloss was M.P. for Lancaster in 1628, he cannot have died much before his father, for Sir Robert himself died next year, and was succeeded by his young grandson. This third Sir Robert and last male of the family played a rather more important part in public affairs than his

tained "with all the generous hospitality for which the owner of Borwick Hall was famed." There is nothing to show that it was not at a house deserted by its master that the Prince halted for the night on leaving Kendal, being doubtful of his reception in Lancaster Town. But if Sir Robert took care not to incur the hostility of the dominant party, he did not fall in with their Puritan views, but succeeded in carrying on a modified form of the Anglican ritual in his chapel. This chapel was neither the north-west ruin nor the first-floor room of the Peel

Tower where the Catholic successor of the Bindlosses afterwards set up an altar. It was on the village green, whose great sycamores now help to screen the Hall from the road. Though still standing, it was disused by the new Catholic owner when John Lucas wrote his "History of Warton." He was a native of the place, but became a schoolmaster in Leeds, where he was a friend of Thoresby, the antiquarian. The only complete copy of his manuscript was for a long time lost, but was recently rediscovered by Mr. Rawlinson Ford, the owner of the Yealand Conyers estate in the same parish. Lucas has much to tell us as to Sir Robert's chapel and his chaplain. The latter was Richard Sherlock, an Oxford divine ejected by Parliament in 1648. Not long after that Lucas tells us that Sir Robert, returning from his travels, took Sherlock as chaplain. The lord of Borwick, if he was not an ardent Cavalier politically, seems to have been typical of that class socially, for though he kept a chaplain and "expressed an uncommon Concern for the Interest of the suffering Church," yet he "was in Love with (some of it wicked) company." He indulged so freely in this weakness that "it proved the Ruine of his vast estate." The "good chaplain saw this with grief," and threatened to go unless the gay baronet reformed his ways, when sufficient penitence was evinced to induce Sherlock to remain until the Restoration brought him valuable preferment. Both he and Sir Robert were active opponents of the doctrines of George Fox, who frequently visited his many Quaker adherents in the district. The divine attacked with his pen, the layman with more martial weapons. We read in George Fox's journal that "servants belonging to one called Sir Robert Bindlas" came with swords and pistols to a house where the religious fanatic was thought to be lying. As the doctrines of the Quakers prevented their retaliating, even a Falstaff might have obtained victory over them. But sometimes they had sympathisers who believed in resistance and occasionally turned the tables. This happened when one of the Bindloss servants "came to Francis Fleming's house and thrust his naked rapier in at the door and windows; but there being at the house a kinsman of Francis Fleming's, one who was not a Friend, he came with a cudgel in his hand and bid the serving-man put up his rapier; which, when the other would not, but vapoured at him with it, and was rude he knocked him down with his cudgel, and took his rapier from him, and, had it not been for Friends, he would have run him through with it."

There were, fortunately, other and more legitimate outlets for Sir Robert's love of sport, and it is interesting to note that Lucas says of him, "that he was the last Gentleman in this Part of the Country that took Pleasure in and frequently practised Falconry." He lived through the reigns of Charles II. and his brother, and it is curious that so rich and free-handed a man, who evidently much resided at the place, did not add to or alter Borwick in the more classic style of his age. He seems scarcely to have touched the house, although he may have done much

in the way of laying out gardens. Lucas tells us that "adjoining to the North and East Parts of the House is a sufficiently large and well laid out Garden under the Middle of which (as through two of the finest Gardens of the World) runs a small never failing Brook over which are proper Vents for taking up Water." Although the place has not been kept up for the last hundred years, the main lines of this lay-out remain. It lies on both banks of the stream, and especially on the further side, where the rising ground faces south-west and where broad, shaded terraces and open bowling-greens were levelled out of the hillside. Sir Robert's heiress, Cecilia, married William Standish of Standish, who belonged to one of the old Catholic families of Lancashire. But it will not



Copyright.

AT THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

have been in his lifetime that the chapel in Borwick House was contrived, for his mother-in-law, Lady Bindloss, occupied the house until her death in 1708, and she was, as Lucas tells us, "constant in her attendances in the Parish Church." The house chapel is likely to have been fitted up when William Standish's son, Ralph, married a daughter of the sixth Duke of Norfolk. Ralph was Jacobite in politics as well as Catholic in religion, and when the Pretender, with his Scots, approached Preston in 1715, he joined them. Three days later he was a prisoner, and death and forfeiture were pronounced against him for his treason. But his mother, the Bindloss heiress, was still alive and claimed Borwick as hers. Moreover, Standish's action was not considered very grave and he



was soon pardoned. An only daughter survived him and took Borwick to the Townleys of Townley, and in the early days of the nineteenth century it is said to have been the residence of Cecilia Townley, the wife of Charles Strickland of Sizergh. The leaden rain-water heads, unusually good for the period, and bearing the date 1812, are no doubt a result of that occupation. But her son lived at Sizergh, and Borwick's great days were over. In 1854 the Stricklands sold the estate to a neighbouring landlord, Mr. George Marton of Capernwray Hall.

A commencement of "restorations" in the style of that day luckily came to an end with a new Great Parlour mantelpiece and some such small matters, for all idea of making it a family residence was soon abandoned. The forecourt and south-west front were opened to the public as a sort of tea-garden; the back was inhabited by the farmer. This back, if it has not the stateliness of the forecourt front, is enticingly and delightfully picturesque. Nothing can exceed the charm of grouping, of colour and of texture that we find in the little back court with its hanging gallery. A flight of stone steps leads to this, which is composed of a perfectly plain oak framework that has turned silver grey and supports a roof of stone tiles almost buried under moss and other growths. On the ground, sheltered by the overhang, is the cheese-press, carefully kept clean and hygienic by whitewash. This part is reached through a little postern from the road, the main entrance into the forecourt being through the arch of the gatehouse that must have been altered by the last of the Bindlosses, as it bears his initials and the date 1650, the time, that is, when he returned from his travels and appointed his chaplain, and a year before Charles II. slept a night under his roof. The great front of the house stretches right across the forecourt. It is raised up on a terrace, which at the time of the sale in 1854 had a wooden paling as its parapet. But the present stone one is an exceedingly fine and original example of Jacobean balustrading, and was

moved from a terrace on the north-east side of the house, where, as we have seen, the main gardens were situated. The porch gives into the hall, which has a massive stone chimney arch bearing the initials of the first Robert Bindloss. His staircase, before it reaches the "Brinsmead" inscription at its summit, gives on to the Great Parlour on the first floor, next to which, in the Peel Tower, is the chapel. At the time of the sale this was hung with tapestry, which may have been habitually drawn over the recess where the altar stood. The rooms of the building east of this have been generally called the Confessional and the Priest's Room. Below the back of the latter is a secret chamber, which, of course, passes as a priest's hiding-hole. We have seen that the Bindlosses were Protestants, and that Catholics did not reside here until such places were no longer resorted to, so that the original use of this space is a matter of mere conjecture. From the flat roof of the tower a fine view, over sea and land, is obtained. This is reached up a newel stair in an angle turret. No doubt it originally started from the ground, but only the upper portion was retained when Robert Bindloss built his new staircase in 1695.

It is pleasant to record that an honourable old age is to be accorded to this most valuable and beautiful example of an Elizabethan country house. It has been taken on lease by Mr. J. A. Fuller-Maitland, who has asked Mr. R. M. F. Huddart to superintend the necessary renovations. It is fortunate indeed that the matter is in such capable and conservative hands. It is found possible to live there in the manner of to-day with very few structural alterations. Apart from one or two subsidiary windows, the exterior will bear no evidence of the new occupation beyond a little added neatness, which will certainly be advantageous. Within, the old arrangement will largely survive, and everything will be done to give to the rooms something of the aspect they have lost—that of ancient and worthy inhabitation. T.

## SOME HEADS IN MR. J. G. MILLAIS' MUSEUM.

THE writer has to confess himself not wholly happy in this compilation which he has undertaken of a few notes about some of the heads in the collection of Mr. J. G. Millais, in consequence of his very certain knowledge that they would be much better done by Mr. Millais himself. Similarly the sensitiveness of the camera might very well feel itself shocked to find that it has to record forms that would be rendered in a far more vivacious manner by the pencil of Mr. Millais. It is indeed rarely, if ever, that we have had before this admirable union of the artist and the naturalist, to which we owe such fine works as the "British Mammals," "A Breath of the Veldt," and many more—many more in the past, and many more, we hope, to come.

Mr. Millais' museum, adjoining his house near Horsham, on the borders of that St. Leonard's Forest where he surprises many of Nature's secrets, has its trophies distributed on the four walls, representing, respectively, North America, Africa, Europe generally and, finally, the British Islands. It is a very simple and effective way of division. On the North American wall the centre-piece is a fine moose head, not shown in these illustrations. It is, however, a splendid specimen of its type, the Eastern American, though, of course, not to be compared with the moose of Alaska and the West. Mr. Millais shot the owner of this head on the Peace River. Perhaps a sense of geographical fitness suggests next a look at the three heads of caribou which Mr. Millais' kindness has allowed us to show. Though all are of the same species, they exhibit in very marked manner the local and inherent characteristics of their kind. There is, first of these, a very big head, with horns of 58in. long, from British Columbia, and, secondly, one from the same locality, less in length of the horn, but remarkable for the number of its points, fifty-three, which seem to give it record rank in this respect. This is shown in two aspects, full face and profile. In previous articles we have already noted the guarded, temporary and really rather provisional sense in which only it is safe to accept the "record" statements. Unless the species be extinct, a specimen bigger than any yet recorded may at this moment be dying by a hunter's bullet, and in any case there may be specimens extant that have not yet come to the chronicler's pen. To be more exact as regards the locality from which these two fine heads of caribou came, Mr. Millais shot both their sometime owners in the mountains north of the Tanizilla River, near the Yukon and the Alaskan boundary. This was in September of 1908. The other caribou is a Newfoundland of forty-four points and, for the locality, is a very fine specimen. It was killed by the owner in that high, clear ground, away from all the woodland, which he was really the first of white men practically to explore and map out. The greater part of Newfoundland is all overgrown with fir, and

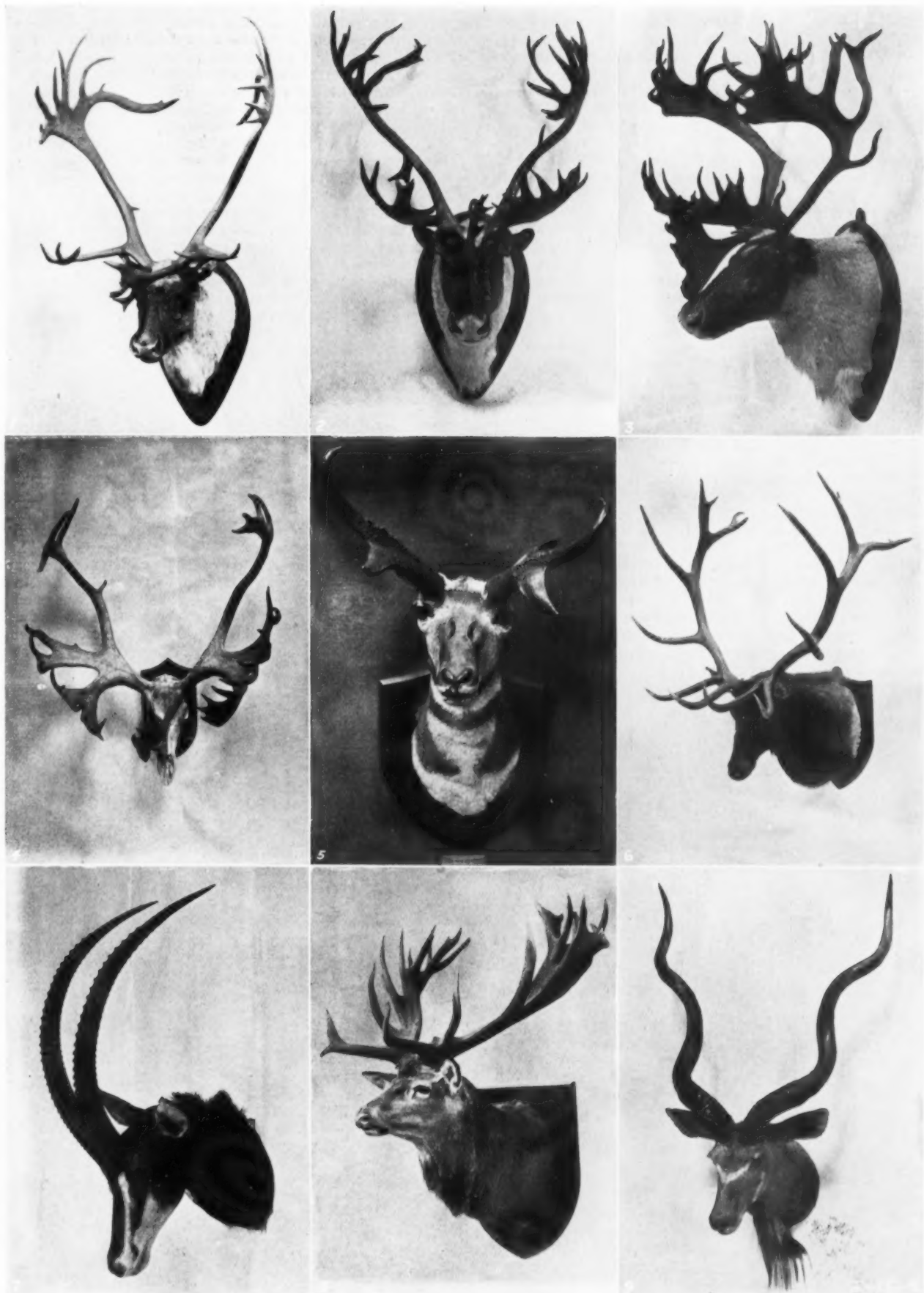
on this the caribou mainly live; but some get away on the high ground to the south of Mount Sylvester, and it was here that Mr. Millais killed this specimen. Except for the "still hunting," the shooting of the woodland caribou is probably as tame a sport as man can conceive, and when the Barren Lands caribou are migrating it must be equally uninteresting; but when they get away up on these high, clear hills, they are said to be just as artfully perceptive of man's approach as any other kind of deer, and to give just as fine sport in the stalking and shooting.

It was on returning from a wapiti-hunt that Mr. Millais first encountered the owner of the next specimen head, the pronghorn. This was in the Big-horn Mountains in Wyoming in October, 1886, at which date these animals were in thousands in that vicinity. But the heads such as this were not in number. This specimen is said to be able to dispute the record for size with some three others, all about equally good. In length the horn is 17½in., and the width is 17in. As soon as Mr. Millais saw this head he knew it for something good, and commenced stalking. But he had no luck. Others of the herd caught wind or sight of him, and he could not get the shot he wanted. Again the next day he saw this splendid specimen as he came back to camp, and again he attempted to stalk, still with a like ill result. And thus it was for four evenings, and no shot was fired. For two nights, then, they did not see the now notorious beast, but on the very last day of camping in that spot they sighted him again, and had a good stalk, when some companions that were with the big-headed one took alarm. They rushed together and the big one stood, but—right against the setting sun. Mr. Millais could not shoot, and they broke off at the gallop. Then, most unusual with the pronghorn, they stopped again, and a good shot, at about two hundred yards, brought the big one down. That is a good finish with which to end the record of one or two of the American heads in this museum.

Then we may look at the very fine head of a wapiti. It does not claim to rank as a record, but it is a noble feral head, with long points, seventeen in all. Though there are many bigger in museums, it is believed that there is none so fine to be killed now, certainly none where Mr. Millais killed this one, on the Red Fork of the Powder River in Wyoming.

The horns of the sable antelope, next in the gallery as shown here, are 45½in. long—beautiful and fearful weapons. This specimen was killed in the thorn forest to the east of the Nuanetzi River, in Eastern Mashonaland. One asks whether in such a habitat the great length of the horn must not be an impediment, now and again; but the same question arises about our own red deer, which is in origin a woodland species.

Next is another African head, the koodoo, from the desert near the Sabi River in Gazaland. When Mr. Millais first saw



TROPHIES IN MR. MILLAIS' MUSEUM.

1. *Osborn's caribou* (58in.).
4. *Caribou* (Newfoundland).
7. *Sable antelope*.

2. *Caribou* (Yukon) 53-pointer.
5. *Pronghorn*.
8. *The Warnham 32-pointer*.

3. *The same* (side view).
6. *Wapiti*.
9. *Koodoo*.



the bearer of these horns, the antelope was with a companion in a moist pan, and he had a fairly easy stalk. The larger of the two was hit, but both galloped off, Mr. Millais in pursuit of that which he believed to be his wounded beast. After going a while, without gaining on his quarry, he heard the old Boer who was acting as his guide, philosopher and friend, shouting to him. This old fellow, with a "slimness" perhaps national, had noted a drop or two of blood on the way by which the other koodoo had gone, and therefore had followed it. As Mr. Millais drew bridle and turned, he heard two shots, and soon coming up to the Dutchman, found him with the fine koodoo, the bigger and better headed, which had been wounded by the first bullet, lying dead—length of horn, on the curve, 63in., straight 48in., and girth 12½in.

It needs no apology—there is even a special propriety about it—in concluding this too brief notice with a word or two on the head of one of the most celebrated red-deer stags ever bred in an English park (No. 8). It is a son of the great forty-seven pointer of Warnham. In a sense it was the property of Mr. Millais, for Mr. Lucas long ago said to him, "I will give you one of those stags. Take your choice," as they looked together at the Warnham herd. Mr. Millais showed rare acumen even then, picking for his own this, which was then no more than a very promising two year old. He has further

made it his own in a peculiar manner by the way in which he has given it to the world in his writings and sketches. Here we have the head of this great stag as he was when killed. At that date he was thirteen years old, and had begun to go back. The number of his points is thirty-two on the head as we see it here and now, but it is to be noted that this—the head at the time when Mr. Millais shot the stag, at the age of thirteen—does not represent his prime. At that glorious zenith he had a point more, but the feature in which he actually excelled his own more famous father was in the length of the horn, taken along the outside curve. This in the specimen we are looking at now was 39in., in the case of the father it was 6in. less.

The dropped horns of the stag figured here were as follows: 1893, four points; 1894, fifteen points; 1895, seventeen points; 1896, twenty-one points; 1897, eighteen points; 1898, twenty-one points; 1899, twenty-eight points; 1900, twenty-four points; 1901, twenty-five points; 1902, twenty-one points; 1903, thirty-two points. These figures are taken from Mr. Millais' "British Mammals," and unless by any chance the twenty-one points given for 1902 results from a printer's error, the sequence of points is very singular. The weight of these great horns at their best is given at 18lb. At the age of twelve years the head had begun to deteriorate rapidly.

## IN THE GARDEN.

### AURICULAS FOR THE OUTDOOR GARDEN.

**I**N the spring months, when our gardens are filled with dancing Daffodils, gorgeous Tulips, modest Primroses and Sweet Violets, as well as hosts of other sweet-smelling or brilliant-hued flowers, it is not surprising that the modest Auricula has to a great extent escaped attention. Yet a few well-grown plants of the section known to nurserymen as Alpine Auriculas—to distinguish them from their more aristocratic brethren that are only suitable for exhibition purposes—possess a subtle charm that seldom fails to fascinate the average flower-lover.

The history of the Auricula that we know to-day has been a somewhat chequered one. Although grown in our gardens in Queen Elizabeth's time, it was not until about the middle of the

seventeenth century that the flowers began to develop those delightful colours that raised it to a pinnacle of fame, and it was not until a century later that the first edged or show Auriculas were raised. Towards the end of the eighteenth century plants of the latter class were making large prices, and from that time onwards until well into the Victorian Era the show Auricula occupied a position in the front rank of what were termed florists' flowers. With the development of artistic ideas and the demand for flowers suitable for the outdoor garden, the show Auriculas fell into disfavour, and it is unlikely that they will ever regain their erstwhile proud position. At the present time they are cultivated by only a few enthusiasts in this country, who appear to understand perfectly their few likes and dislikes.



F. M. Sutcliffe.

A DRY WALL IN MAY.

Copyright.



When those whose business it was to raise new Auriculas realised the trend of public taste, they wisely turned their attention to the Alpine section as being suitable for cultivation in the outdoor garden, with the result that among them we now have flowers of exceptionally rich and soft colours, large size and good substance, and, above all, that subtle fragrance without which the Auricula would lose the greatest of its charms.

Unfortunately, the erroneous idea has become prevalent that all Auriculas are difficult plants to grow, and that they need a great deal of protection and attention to bring them to perfection. No doubt this false idea has to some extent been due to the elaborate precautions and wonderful soil mixtures that florists of the old school used to adopt in growing plants of the show section. These Auriculas certainly needed, and still need, protection from heavy rains to preserve their delicate farina intact, though the plants of these, and indeed all Auriculas, are perfectly hardy. As already mentioned, the Alpine Auriculas are well adapted for growing in the open garden, and if seed is purchased from a good source, a colony of plants, rich in colour and strong in constitution, may be raised with the aid of nothing more elaborate than a cold frame.

Some difference of opinion exists among growers as to the most suitable time for sowing the seeds; but if other circumstances are favourable, one cannot go far wrong in following the dictates of Nature and sowing it as soon as ripe, which is usually about mid-July. The soil used for filling the seed-pans or pots ought to contain a good proportion of sand, and the seeds must only be very lightly covered with clean sand; they are very small and germinate slowly, hence the necessity for shallow sowing, porous soil and thorough drainage. After sowing the seeds, each pot or pan should be stood in a shaded cold frame and covered with a sheet of glass. The seedlings ought to be pricked out separately into shallow boxes or pots filled with fine porous soil as soon as large enough to move easily, and about fourteen months after sowing, or even earlier if preferred, they will be strong enough to go into their flowering quarters outdoors.

It is in the selection of a permanent place for outdoor-grown Auriculas that some care is needed. They appear to

prefer cool, rich, yet well-drained soil, with a light overhead shading from brilliant sunshine. I used to grow them in rather heavy, thoroughly dug soil under the thinnest portions of old Apple trees, well away from the trunks, and also out of the way of excessive drip from the overhead branches. This soil was heavily manured with old cow-manure, to which a good proportion of very coarse sand had been added, and in this the plants thrived amazingly. A simple method of propagation that used to be adopted, and which answered perfectly well, was to take away the young, non-flowering shoots or offsets as soon as the plants had finished flowering, and these were planted in a shady place outdoors similar to that already described, and well watered for a week or two. After this necessary mutilation the old plants received a good mulching with dry cow-manure, which imparted remarkable vigour to them and induced them to give us a rare floral display the following spring, when the offsets also would throw a few trusses of large blossoms. The average gardener does not care to risk planting offsets of choice plants in the outdoor garden, and so inserts them in pots filled with good soil and grows them on in cold frames, either for planting out in September or for flowering in pots in the conservatory in spring. If grown perfectly cool, the Alpine Auriculas make charming pot plants, and their delicious fragrance finds favour in the spring in both conservatory and dwelling-house.

Such, briefly, is the cultivation necessary for one of our oldest flowers, the "Dusty Miller" of our gardens, and one that deserves greater attention from flower-lovers than it receives at present. As with many other beautiful flowers, cottagers have all along realised its merits, and some of the finest Alpine Auriculas in existence may be met with in old cottage gardens far outside the sphere of modern civilisation.

F. W. H.

#### A DRY WALL IN MAY.

REFERENCE has been made on several occasions to the beautiful effects obtainable by the judicious planting of old walls, particularly those of a retaining character, and the illustration on the previous page of a wall of this description indicates what is possible. During the present month, as will be seen, this wall is an ideal home for a host of flowers, notable among them being the snowy white perennial Candytuft, Saxifrages, Cerastiums and wild Pinks, the whole forming a sort of informal bordering to a delightful pathway. Owing to their elevated positions the beauty of many of the flowers is fully revealed, and the whole wall provides a picture of more than usual interest.

H.

## THE EXPEDITION OF THE BRITISH ORNITHOLOGISTS' UNION TO THE SNOW MOUNTAINS OF NEW GUINEA.

### X.—FINAL ATTEMPT TO REACH THE SNOWS.

A CABLE from Makassar received on April 20th briefly announced the fact that the whole expedition was returning home and was expected to sail from Singapore on May 5th. Since that date I have received a number of letters from Captain Rawling and others containing a full and graphic account of the final supreme effort made to reach the snows. Owing to the insurmountable difficulties encountered, complete success has been denied them; but it will be fully admitted that the splendid courage and perseverance shown by all the members of the expedition has enabled them at least to achieve a considerable measure of success. They eventually reached the top of the first great range, near the snows, and amassed not only considerable collections of birds, mammals, etc., but were able to complete in a satisfactory manner the map of a very large portion of the country hitherto unknown. I feel sure that all your readers will join me in offering the plucky members of our expedition the warmest congratulations on their work.

The narrative of the final movements is best told in the following extracts from Captain Rawling's letters:

"PARAMAU, MIMIKA RIVER.

January 14th, 1911.—The parties led by Cramer and myself had most trying journeys up the nearly dry bed of the Mimika. The water on the second day had dwindled to a trickle, great trees completely blocking all passage every few hundred yards. Over these obstacles the laden canoes had to be hauled, a task only accomplished by the united efforts of all the boats' crews. Up dry gravel slopes, across mud dams, round and over logs, each boat was separately rocked and hauled until we reached the huts at Paramau on the 9th, the men done to a turn.

As I said in my last letter, the Dutch and British have joined forces, an assistance to one another and a saving of transport. Cramer is working hand in glove with us, and I hope, at the conclusion of the expedition, his good work may

receive some recognition. He has filled a difficult position and has passed through everything with conspicuous tact and ability. We were very fortunate to have such a man appointed to the expedition.

The object of this forward move is to reach the highest possible ground from whence collecting may be done and a point in the near proximity of the snows. We are attempting a task never ventured upon before in Dutch New Guinea, a long march across country, that is to say, at right angles to the flow of the rivers. It is a task really beyond our powers, but if it meets with any success will be well worth any trouble expended upon it. Owing to the dearth of food in the country, the time spent away from the base must be limited and the transport worked in the most economical way possible.

The first advance was to have commenced yesterday, but could not start owing to a heavy flood the night before, both road and river being impassable. The river having fallen, they set out this morning, every available man being employed—Marshall, Grant, the two Dyak collectors, forty-six of our coolies, thirty convicts of the Dutch escort, and thirty natives who had been collected—a grand party carrying forward a fine amount of stores. We are all travelling as light as possible, one small white tent for each two Europeans, who themselves have only a waterproof sheet, two blankets and a change of clothing. Guns, ammunition and collecting goods make up the odd loads.

At the Wataikwa our coolies drop their loads and return to Paramau for more stuff. Then Cramer, Wollaston and I push forward. With some natives and a few coolies, Marshall and Grant will in the meantime have crossed to the Iwaka and made a new camp, one or two marches up the right bank, and, perhaps, cut another march further. At Wataikwa the second party of coolies will load themselves to the utmost and move with us to the upper Iwaka camp. We shall then push forward together.



A VILLAGE SCENE IN NEW GUINEA.

You will realise that this rough plan may be radically altered, for nothing is certain in this country, and a few floods, unusual sickness or unexpected obstacles may upset everything.

*January 15th.*—Our spirits have risen considerably, for Fortune has been kind enough to give us two perfect days, which means that the men and stores are dry and that nothing can have happened to upset the order of the first two marches. Yesterday's party consisted of about 140 men, more supplies being carried than we have been able to move during the whole of last year in this direction.

The Tuaba River, immediately to the east of the Mimika, has gradually been altering its course during the last few months. All the water now flows in one channel, making it absolutely unfordable, even in the driest weather. There we have two canoes, and are thus able to cross with the help of the Papuans, for it is like a mill-race. We start in two days, so I will leave the account of our advance until we return in a month's time.

#### WATAIKWA CAMP.

*January 25th.*—You must not be surprised to hear an unusual amount about coolies, weather, flooded rivers and road obstacles, for these are the four things which fill our minds, to the exclusion of all else. Later, the food problem will probably wipe all of them out, or, at any rate, take precedence. Marshall's natives, having earned an axe apiece, desired no more, and left for pastures new. We, however,

collected eight more, so got everything along, the coolies having extremely light loads. The Tuaba camp was flooded the night of our arrival; but resulted in nothing worse than an uncomfortable night. Our canoe was fortunately there, and in this the natives got us all across without mishap. On the 25th we reached Wataikwa, and the coolies, though so lightly laden, had had about as much work as they could stand. Last year at this time we had comparatively good weather; but the last week has been terrible, rain in torrents, all rivers in flood and the jungle under water. Only last night this camp was under water and in danger of being swept away. One swirling tree-trunk actually struck the tent-pole. It is pouring now, and looks as if it would continue. We are resting here to-morrow, arranging loads, etc., the river being quite impassable.

#### IWAKA RIVER.

*January 26th.*—We got away with twenty-nine coolies and nine natives, all heavily laden, particularly the latter. I found the road, the cutting of which was superintended by Wollaston, far better than the first one made by Marshall and myself last August. The Iwaka is as great a river as formerly, quite impassable, even if such a thing as a canoe was to be had. The crossing of the Wataikwa this morning was a tough job, and took over an hour, for most of the men were unable to cross by themselves, and a rattan rope had to be got over to act as a



BUILDING A CANOE.



guide. Nothing was lost. Wollaston and Cramer remain at the Wataikwa until the coolies now with me return, for we are unable to accumulate a sufficient amount of stores ahead without making three journeys. Then we shall have a *dépôt* (two marches up the Iwaka) which will enable us to remain in the hills for ten days. We are carrying blankets, waterproofs, tent-flies only, and such food as we absolutely require.

*January 27th.*—We are now about five miles up the Iwaka. A vile road, over slippery rocks, and fallen trunks of trees, up and down, in and out, the rate of progress varying from half a mile to three-quarters of a mile an hour. Four of our coolies are ill, and their loads have to be carried by natives, who have worked splendidly, each carrying three cooly loads. It is wonderful how they do it. It is a great pity these natives are so frightened of going into the hills. No amount of bribing has any effect on them; they utterly refuse to go. The Iwaka is an immense river, quite unfordable unless it divides up into five or more channels. It is not more than 40yds. broad, but is both deep and swift. I cannot at present make out from whence it flows.

*February 4th.*—I discontinued this diary until I had some certain information to communicate. The morning after my arrival we went up the ridge which leads north from the camp, along the path cleared by Marshall and the Gurkhas, until we reached their furthest point at a height of 2,500ft., and about two miles distant. The path lay along the crest, a narrow, knife-edged ridge, where the dead timber falling down on either side leaves a clear track easy to traverse. Proceeding, we rose to 3,000ft., and half a mile further on reached the top of the hill. We at once commenced to clear away the timber blocking our view, but the clouds had already shut out most of the hills, and rain coming on drove us down again. The spot was, however, such a good one that, accompanied by three Gurkhas (the coolies having all returned to bring up Wollaston with more stores), I again went there on February 2nd, camped on the highest point, returning to-day (4th). By enlarging the clearing we obtained excellent views in every direction; but the result was most disappointing, for it was found that further progress in that direction was impossible, or rather useless. Up to this time we had all believed that the general course of the Wataikwa and Iwaka Rivers was known, and that we had only to cross some branches of the latter to reach, in a few days' march, some fine hills directly opposite the snows. To our surprise some hidden gorges changed the whole scene. After all the labour, this was a terrible disappointment. We had at last collected sufficient food to enable us to make a forward move for ten days, with thirty-five men, and now it proves to be useless. We have tried every means of crossing the Iwaka, by sending over men tied to rattan and by felling trees, but all without success. The trees were swept away by the current. Seven and a-half marches is all the distance we have achieved, but it is all across country. No force of men could do more in this direction, with the Iwaka blocking the road, but the stoppage is none the less disappointing. From a mapping point of view my journey to the hill-top was most valuable. While there I saw

some birds I have never seen before, one like a flycatcher with scarlet plumage, except for a bar on the wing. I thought the opportunity too good to miss, so left the fly standing and the tins for collecting water, and advised Grant to send the two Dyak collectors up there for three or four days. They start off tomorrow, and may, I hope, get something good. I also heard several new and curious notes, probably new birds. Wollaston could only bring on twenty-two coolies, the remainder being unfit; that means that twenty-five have broken down in under six weeks, and many of those with us can only carry the smallest loads. Grant has collected about 100 birds here, some of which are new, but to my inexperienced eyes there is nothing very striking among them.

*February 6th.*—After further attempts at felling trees yesterday, all failures, I offered Rs.100 to any man or group of men who would construct a bridge over the river within two days. Fired by this, the coolies went up stream felling all the likely trees, but all snapped in two, and were swept away. The Gurkhas fared better down stream. After several very risky attempts, two got across and, working up the opposite bank, felled a great tree most beautifully, but not more than two feet clear of the water. By this means a rattan was fixed across higher up. As bad luck would have it, the highest flood we had experienced came down during the night and swept the tree out of existence. I am telling you everything, so you need not be surprised at our spirits rising and falling hourly. The chances of crossing to-day looked hopeless; all we had was a very weak rattan strand from shore to shore. It seemed almost out of the question that this could be used, but something had to be done at once. I tried to bribe a coolie to attempt the crossing,

but none would accept the risk. Then came the best bit of dangerous work in cold blood I have ever seen. Jangbir, one of the Gurkhas, said he would go. There was only one way to go over—hand over hand, with a rattan round his waist, held by us in case the bridge strand broke, a very likely thing, for it was extremely flimsy. Again, the rope to hold him had to be very thin, or the weight would tear him from his hold. He got across finely, being dragged out straight by the torrent, until nearly over, when he could make no more headway. The rope tied to his waist was paid out fast, but was caught by the current, and then it was touch and go. Thus he hung for half a minute, dragged out in a horizontal position. If both rattans gave, it meant certain death; if he let go, the great strain would snap the rope round him, with a like result. The rope was pulled



A WAKATIMI NATIVE.



ON A NEW GUINEA RIVER.



in as quickly as possible, and then the lucky thing occurred. The strain was too great, and the rope we were pulling on snapped. This freed him, and he pulled himself up further and gained the bank. Work was now pushed on. Rattan after rattan was passed across and made firm to the trees, until two handrails, each of six strands, were fixed. To-morrow we shall put the foot strands up, lash the rails to the foot rope and the bridge is finished. I do not think anything can now prevent our pushing on; but three precious days' food out of the ten will have gone. The two Dyak collectors are camped on the hills, and have got ten or twelve birds to-day, most of them different from any which have already been collected.

*February 9th.*—The bridge was completed on the 7th, and is a thorough success. On the following day we started at 7 a.m., taking seven days' provisions for our party of twenty-five. Cutting eastward, we struck the new river, running from the semi-circle of hills opposite the snows already mentioned, and camped half a mile up it, at the mouth of the gorge. We were compelled to cross, a task which was accomplished with considerable difficulty. To-day we started at daybreak and pitched our camp at 1 p.m., having covered about three and a-half miles, or two and a-quarter miles in a straight line. The travelling was terrible, cliffs and jungle barring the route. The intended line of advance has had to be abandoned, for it would take us two days longer than we have food for, unless we can move faster than we have been doing. Had we been able to start with our original ten days' supply, all would have been well; but for this delay the Iwaka is responsible. We have had two days of splendid weather, most unexpected, and therefore all the more welcome.

*February 10th.*—We struck due east towards the end of the semi-circle of hills, and, after traversing some extremely thick growth and moss-covered timber, struck a spur, up which we travelled. To-day we have ascended exactly 2,000 ft., and would have got still higher but for the difficulty of obtaining water. In the next valley there is a pool, from which we have each had a little, but above that we can see none. We are now at a height of 3,200 ft. The men's rice has been cooked for to-morrow, as it is extremely unlikely that any running water will be found, and now the *only* time we have wanted rain happens to be the only period when we have had three fine days in succession! Rain must come to-morrow, when we continue our advance up the hill. Two more men were sent back from the last camp, both being quite useless in the hills. We have now seventeen carriers. These hills are devoid of all life, or nearly so; one eagle and one young bird are all the feathered creatures seen in three days. Not a sound breaks the stillness. All this part of New Guinea is uninhabited.

*February 14th.*—We are back at the camp on the new river. On the 11th the ascent was continued, till we reached the summit of this range, and camped at 5,150 ft. The last 1,200 ft. of climbing was the worst imaginable. Not once did we touch solid ground. Every step was on dead or live timber covered with a network of creepers and thick moss. At one time crawling through most beautiful caves of tree roots, the moss hanging everywhere in festoons, at others through close-growing saplings. Fine glimpses to the west and south were obtainable at intervals. No rain fell, and each man could have one cup only of water. On the 12th we cut on eastward. I have no language to express the condition of the growth, but will tell you that four experienced cutters took a day to make a track three-quarters of a mile in length and just sufficiently wide to squeeze through. We reached a fine spot just as the clouds came down and hid everything. Only two birds were

seen, both of which were already in the collection. The men were now on short rations, but it was impossible to think of returning on the following day, so the only remaining ration had to be spread over two days. Fortunately rain fell and put an end to the water difficulty. On the 13th we set out again at daybreak, and were well repaid. A grand view was obtained for seventy to eighty miles to the south-east and right away to the Charles Louis Mountains to the west. Between lay the horrible plain intersected by great rivers and bounded on the south by the sea. To the north could be seen the other mountains, and glimpses of the great precipice. Just below us, to the east, ran the river from the western snows, but I do not know its name, unless it is the Wania. Three great mouths of rivers could be seen far to the south. It was a grand position, but there was no life around us, not a bird, reptile or butterfly. Grant's camp on the summit of the neighbouring western range could be distinctly seen with the glasses. No further move was possible, for rations were too short and the men perished with the damp cold. Cramer had to leave on the 13th, and should now be at the Iwaka Depôt, where we shall arrive to-morrow, for we are making double marches on the return journey. So, after all, we have had far greater success than was anticipated, and have reached the uttermost point possible with the limited number of coolies available. Only fifteen are now with us. Pulman, one of the Gurkhas, fell on the 10th and damaged his leg, and, though he is not bad, we shall have a difficult task to get him back, for he will be compelled to make

double marches until we reach the Wataikwa camp. We have covered, from our advanced headquarters camp next the source of the Mimika, eleven marches across country, crossing six great rivers, any of which might be impassable for days at a time. In addition we have made two extra journeys from the Iwaka Depôt camp in a northerly direction. On the summit of the mountains, gazing upon the vast expanse over the land we had traversed, and the ground yet to be covered before Carstensz



CROSSING THE WATAIKWA RIVER.

Peak could be reached, the absolute impossibility of accomplishing the feat with the Mimika River as a line of communication was fully realised. With unlimited funds and time, good water transport and an endless number of the finest carriers in the world, the task would still be impossible. Given the right river (and this we have now found) for the western snows, or the Oetakwa River for Carstensz Peak, with ample transport, large funds and very careful arrangement, the task would still be extremely hard, but by no means impossible. Starting from the Mimika, eight great rivers have to be crossed, any one of which may break the line of communication for weeks together. There are no inhabitants or paths, dense jungle, no local supplies of food, interminable rain and malaria. These and many other reasons clearly demonstrated to us that we had accomplished all that was humanly possible. Grant joined the Dyaks for five days. They got about 185 birds, many new to them, also, I believe, three 'six-wired birds of Paradise.' He has been away five and a-half weeks from Paramau. It was quite impossible, with our supply of coolies to keep him any longer away from the advanced base. We expect to reach Paramau on February 21st, when Marshall and Wollaston, if they can get native carriers, hope to go to the pygmy village for a few days to try and obtain a view of the women. Grant and I go to the coast, moving down stores; he will collect there while I map the two neighbouring rivers. Marshall and Wollaston, with the remainder of the men and stores, will then come down from Paramau about March 10th, and we expect to leave the country about April 1st."

A letter from Mr. Claude Grant, written from the base camp at Wakatimi on February 28th, contains the following remarks on the zoological results of the expedition:

"We added a considerable number of species to the collection on this trip, and obtained in all about 185 birds, among them a small mountain cassowary and a yellow-billed megapode. What strikes one at once is that the higher one goes and the further one penetrates into the mountains, the scarcer birds become. On returning to the flats after a visit to the mountains, the contrast in the number is very noticeable. No signs of any human beings were seen on this advance.

I do not now see how much more good work can be done from this point; the mountains, as far as can be humanly done, especially with a Malay type of cooly, have been worked, nearly 370 birds having now been obtained from the first great range, and I have shown the practical impossibility of penetrating much further.

A considerable number of birds have been collected at Wataikwa and Paramau, and the month I have before me will complete the series from here. I think nearly, or about, 3,000 skins of both birds and mammals will be the total result of the expedition's work; this series representing a vast number

of species, a considerable amount of ground having been covered in compiling it. I fear, however, that the mammals will prove very disappointing. All our efforts have failed to bring in any number, and I do not know if it is because animals, excepting rats, wallaby, pig and cuscus, are really scarce. I think this is one reason, and another is the denseness and swampiness of the jungle, which effectually prevents one seeing any tracks or signs of such things as phalangers, opossums, rats, etc., Nine of us, including the Gurkhas, were continually out in the jungle shooting, and it seems extraordinary that, even if things were only normally plentiful, so few were obtained or even seen.

Trapping, also, is by no means easy, it being found impossible to bait with anything of a meaty or fruity nature, as the swarms of ants instantly devoured it; and even if any mammals got there first, they were destroyed. Hence we were compelled to fall back on maize and, down here, on coconut; but neither of these things appears to attract marsupial animals. It is worthy of note that very few of the fauna are used for ornamental purposes by these natives, and that they failed to recognise most of the illustrations of the mammals in your articles in COUNTRY LIFE, though the bandicoot was one that they recognised at once." W. R. OGILVIE-GRANT.

## LITERATURE.

### A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON died in 1894, and may be said now to have fallen into that particular niche in the Temple of Fame which he is destined to occupy. It would serve little purpose to attempt to define its position or to say whether it be a little higher or a little lower than those of others. But whatever difference of opinion may be held in regard to the degree of fame he achieved, there can be none as to the interest excited by the most brilliant and charming personality of the latter half of the nineteenth century. It cannot, therefore, be entirely a waste of time to make some enquiry as to the conditions under which he was made into a writer, and the influences that were powerful with him at that period of life when the mind is most plastic. The material for doing this is supplied by an addition to his other works in the shape of a volume of scraps called *Lay Morals: And Other Papers* (Chatto and Windus). It is not unlikely that Stevenson would have objected to their publication. He and Henley often used very strong language about a practice which they stigmatised as "body-snatching." Their theory was that the judge of what should be published in permanent shape was the author himself, and that his friends and relations had no right to rummage his drawers and search out his contributions to ephemeral literature in order that they might publish, after he was dead, what he thought unworthy of publication while he was living. A good deal is to be said for this contention as applied to most cases: but the volume before us is redeemed from it by the fact that it furnishes the best material for gaining some idea of the mind of young Stevenson. This applies, however, to *Lay Morals* less than to the *Other Papers*. It is the beginning of a treatise written in 1879 and never finished. The four chapters given are therefore but fragments of a work that was only projected, but never carried out. Nor could Stevenson be described as a boy in 1879; on the contrary, he was approaching his thirtieth year, and had written and thought much so that he was in a position to define and explain his attitude towards morality. It was a very admirable attitude. Stevenson, although his mind strayed far away from the puritanical religion of his ancestors, nevertheless always had within him as his friends said, a good deal of the Shorter Catechism. It was impossible for him to attack Christianity. His point was rather that through endless repetition the deepest and wisest sayings of the Gospels had hardened into mere formulæ. In Presbyterian Scotland it was particularly so. Weekly from his pulpit the minister had been accustomed to enunciate certain doctrines that for him had entirely lost their actuality. Stevenson by natural temperament was a spiritual, as well as a physical, wanderer, and his life was a vigorous endeavour to disencumber himself from the bonds and traditions which he had inherited from his forefathers. He refused to allow his spirit to remain in subjection. Yet, although he approached truth by a path of his own, he came to see exactly those things which the Founder of Christianity had taught. In fact, these lay sermons are written in His very spirit. Stevenson recognised that there were two sides to the moral question, and that no man is in a position to form an absolute judgment upon the morality of another. The Jew believed in his Ten Commandments, and not only believed in them, but had made an addition to them of no less than six hundred and fifty others:

They hoped to make a pocket-book of reference on morals, which should stand to life in some such relation, say, as Hoyle stands in to the scientific game

of whist. The comparison is just, and condemns the design; for those who play by rule will never be more than tolerable players; and you and I would like to play our game of life to the noblest and the most divine advantage.

Stevenson had no sympathy with this petty and huckstering view of conduct. He points out that a man obeys most of the Commandments, such as "Thou shalt do no murder" and "Thou shalt not steal," in order that he may avoid the policeman; but he recognises that after a man has lived his life so that he need fear no temporal authority, he still may be immoral. The doctrine is not an easy one to reduce to plain statements. One end of conduct is to gain that inner peace which fortifies the spirit to meet the turmoils and troubles of life with tranquil strength. Some have sought it by withdrawing, but Stevenson was not of these. He invariably preaches exertion—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." If this be given a wide interpretation, it carries with it a condemnation of the ancient ascetic and of the modern Thoreau and his type. Skilfully and well he discourses on all this, until in the end we recognise the idealist whom Henley admired at the time and hated afterwards, inasmuch as he considered that he had departed from his early standards. We cannot help regretting that the book was only begun. It is pure Stevenson from beginning to end, and would have been welcomed by his admirers.

"Father Damien," which is included in the book, could have been omitted with advantage; but the history of "The Pentland Rising," written when Stevenson was only sixteen years of age, is of the greatest interest to any students of his development. It is, of course, the little bit of Sir Walter Scott peeping out. We can fancy the boy composing it just after he had read "Old Mortality" and his mind was full of Cavaliers and Covenanters, Balfour of Burleigh and Graham of Claverhouse, Archbishop Sharp and the long-winded preachers of the Covenant. It contains a picture of the dogmatic theological Scot that must have delighted the boy. It occurs in Sir James Turner's account of an evening spent at Ochiltree, when he had been taken prisoner by the rebels, and yet was able to join with them in a friendly meal:

It fell to Mr. Robinsone to seek the blessing, who said one of the most bombastick graces that ever I heard in my life. He summoned God Allmightie very imperiously to be their secondarie (for that was his language). "And if," said he, "thou wilt not be our Secondarie, we will not fight for thee at all, for it is not our cause but they cause; and if thou wilt not fight for our cause and thy ounne cause, then we are not obliged to fight for it."

The little piece of history contains many evidences of youth on the part of the writer, but of a most promising youth.

The papers, "Edinburgh Students in 1824," also help us to know what was in Stevenson's mind, although to the general reader they cannot have much interest to-day, as they are local, not to say parochial, in character. There are several critical articles, but they were written at a time when Stevenson had scarcely found his feet. The present writer has some reason to remember it, for in those days Stevenson went to the editor of a journal published in Edinburgh with the request that he might do the theatre notices and be repaid by the pleasure he took in the task. This modest request was refused, probably to the surprise of the young man, who in those days might occasionally be seen walking along Prince's Street, a dandy of dandies, attracting as much attention as he did later in the Savile Club. For in those days none, save his intimates, knew the gallant and gay spirit which lived within an extraordinarily



thin and delicate body. Few who were able to appreciate it had heard his talk, with its wonderful changes from the wildest nonsense to the most intense poetry, from slang bordering on ribaldry to language that seemed to flow direct from the source of English undefiled.

#### THE TRAVELLER IN TIBET.

**Adventure, Sport and Travel on the Tibetan Steppes**, by W. A. Fergusson, F.R.G.S. (Constable and Co.)

OF those gradually diminishing regions on the earth's surface which are still unexplored, parts of China are among the most interesting. Certain races still live their wild, free lives, owing allegiance to none, and untrammelled by the dictates of a constricting civilisation. It is with the Nusu or Lolos of Western Szechuan that Mr. Fergusson's book largely deals. No mere record of travel; we are inclined to hope that the author will some day give us an account of the manners and customs of those tribes of the interior of China among whom his lot has been cast. The first few chapters are devoted to an account of Lieutenant J. W. Brooke's journey in Tibet during the years 1906 and 1907. In December, 1907, he left Shanghai, and, in company with Mr. C. H. Meares, travelled in Western Szechuan until Christmas Eve, 1908, when he was murdered in the Independent Lololand. On his first journey he and Mr. Ridley of the China Inland Mission were granted an interview with the Dalai Lama, who was staying in a monastery close to Sining. The actual start of the final expedition was made from Hankow, whence the travellers made for Chentu, which they safely reached. Here they were joined by the author, who, being a friend of So Tussu, chief of the State of Wassu, started thither with them. Chapter VIII. describes sport in Wassu, and contains some interesting notes on the people inhabiting this part of Western China. They are semi-independent of their Chinese conquerors, and are ruled by their own chiefs, a state of affairs which will not, apparently, last very much longer. The bag here included burhel (called by the Chinese "panyang"), goral and serow, one of which, being cornered, badly gored a Chinaman, who subsequently died. So Tussu's castle, where he lived in a kind of mediæval state, was attacked by brigands, who camped on hearing that the Prince himself and Mr. Meares were coming to its relief. Having a friend in Mr. Ma, a Mahomedan and the most influential man among the Changmin, they arranged a hunt for the takin. Some interesting notes on the habits of this strange animal, which has so seldom been seen by Europeans, are given. Mr. Meares killed a female, and saw a bull, but lost it. He claims to be the first Englishman to shoot one, Major Malcolm McNeill, D.S.O., killing one the same year. At Dantung, in Western Szechuan, Mr. Fergusson cured the chief of inflammatory rheumatism. Incidentally he notes that on the way to the patient's room he passed two tigers in cages on the landing. Leaving Dantung, they visited the robber district of Yuloh, which on our maps is either marked "Goluk," i.e., "Robbers," or left blank. The tents of the inhabitants of this district are made of black yak hair. When these animals are brought in at night their feet are tied and they are thrown, while their owners pluck out great handfuls of long hair. A band of raiders, returning with about two hundred head of yak, were seen, and the author states that it would be impossible to imagine a more fiendish-looking lot of men. The party eventually reached Ta-chien-lu, a small but very important border town of great commercial importance. People coming from the interior each put up at his own "gochuang," a kind of guildhall, where the members or friends of a clan lodge. Here, among other luxuries, they were regaled with strawberries and cream, which it seems strange to find on the confines of Tibet. Chapter XVIII. discusses the Mantze religion and customs. The author believes the Mantze to be emigrants from Gari, who eight hundred years ago were invited by the Chinese to come over and help them subdue the warlike tribes of the Upper Min or Fu River. He has more to say of great interest, and describes seeing a man possessed of a devil. After spending some little time at Chentu, whither they returned, Messrs. Brooke and Meares started off with the intention of going south to Chin-yuen-fu, a city lying between Lololand and the Tibetan frontier. They crossed the Tung River, where Shih Takai, the leader of the Taiping rebellion, was defeated and seven or eight thousand of his followers killed. The latter part of the book describes the customs and beliefs of the Independent Lolos, who were originally inhabitants of Assam. It is all most interesting. The only hold which the Chinese have on these wild tribesmen are a number of hostages, whom they keep in the Chinese city of Yuch Hsiting. Guards are stationed all along the road leading over the passes to watch against frequent night attacks. Mr. Brooke evaded the Chinese officials at Ching-yuen-fu, leaving Mr. Meares busy preparing for the journey to Batang. Three weeks later he had not returned. The fears which his friends entertained for his safety were realised, for they learned that he had been murdered by the Aheo tribe with all his followers save two. He was only twenty-eight, and, had he lived, would have done much useful work. The book is well printed, but rather heavy to handle. Reading it, one is struck by the self-sacrificing and noble work carried on by missionaries of all denominations in China. The number of Chinese names is apt to confuse anyone not intimately acquainted with them. There are two maps and a number of photographs, one of a goral shot by the author at one thousand yards. There is one curious misprint all through—the Ovis ammon is persistently referred to as "ammum." The title is not perhaps the best which might have been chosen, but the book itself is full of interest to those who are fond of strange peoples and countries.

#### MISS SYRETT ON CRANKS.

**Dreder's Daughter**, by Netta Syrett. (Chatto and Windus.)

BY just the difference between the normal and the abnormal, and, at the same time, by just the difference between an individual and a stereotyped type, does this new book of Miss Syrett's fall short of her last one. In "Olivia L. Carew" the characters were typical, but arrestingly individual; in *Dreder's Daughter* they are types, and consequently not typical. Human beings are never types. Leonard Chetwynd is the offspring of a crank—a "woman's rights woman," who, marrying a man of good position, "enters upon a course of ennobling reading" when she finds she is to become a mother, and sends her son to the first crank school in England, as she considers public schools and universities mere "hotbeds of vice." He grows up into a social reformer, self-conscious, important, solemn, devoid alike of sense and wit—in short, a preposterous ass. In order to provide himself with a submissive wife and a healthy mother for his children, he takes a child of poor parents, like Mr. Day of old, and has her brought up according to his theories and ideas, which are essentially Early Victorian. Nancy's absolute refusal to grow up into what he expects, her extreme

modernity, her self-assertion, and the disaster which follows on his marriage to her, are the theme of the story in which Miss Syrett embodies her ideas. Clever the book undoubtedly is—Miss Syrett cannot write a book that is not. Her satire on the folly of this our day is brilliant and merciless; while the justice she does to all that is sound and sensible in human nature remains full and generous. The tale reads as though Miss Syrett first had her ideas and then made her people to fit them. Individuals never can result from that reversal of the right order of things, and never do. The ideas should seem to be the gradual and natural outcome of the people; but these people are labelled with their ideas from the beginning. Henniker has behaved like a scoundrel, but we are called on to feel little but admiration and pity and sympathy for him; while Dreder's wife, whose life has apparently been a long martyrdom as a direct result of Henniker's selfishness, goes to her grave without any of the indignation and warmth of sympathy such as you would expect a champion of women to feel for a wronged woman. Here, as elsewhere in the story, there is confusion of perception, a missing of the consistent, a false sentiment amid the many sound ones, a failure to bring event, individual and idea into due relation. On the whole, this book, while well worth reading on nearly all counts, is not a very finished or satisfactory piece of work. One seems to see in it an original and finely equipped mind rather confusedly dealing, in haste and warmth and some entanglement, with a number of notions and a number of puppets amid which the ideas it endeavours to express are rather lost and hampered.

#### A MUDDLED YOUNG WOMAN.

**Vittoria Victrix**, by W. E. Norris. (Constable.)

VITTORIA'S love affairs were incessant, humorous and manifold; and they were greatly complicated by the fact that Vittoria never could make up her mind to hurt anybody's feelings. To such a point did she carry this sweetness of disposition that she fled from England to avoid the necessity of obliging Lord Ringstead to believe that she did not love him, in spite of his having been, as she ruefully and sorrowfully puts it, "so magnificent to her in the face of his parent's opposition"; and having fled from England herself, she obliges Trathan, the middle-aged sculptor who is the "I" and the real hero of the book, to flee after her in order that he may explain to Mr. Garforth for her that she does not love him either, in spite of his having been so splendid both about discovering the truth concerning her parentage and lending her a yacht. If this sounds fanciful and far-fetched, we can only assure the reader that it is neither. Vittoria is a perfectly natural and very engaging young woman, with a most delightful sense of humour; and what happens is just what would have happened. The only thing is that she was not really in the least a Vittoria Victrix, as people supposed, but of a pliable and humble disposition, much hampered by her anxiety to please. One smiles and laughs all through this pleasant, humorous and delicately-told story, and one likes everybody in it, especially Joshua, the delightful terrier.

1801.

**Moll o' the Toll Bar**, by Theodora Wilson Wilson. (Hutchinson and Co.)

A ROMANTIC story, chiefly interesting because of the glimpse it affords into times that may be said to have been the beginning of our own. It takes place in 1801, when, both abroad and in England, everything was confusion and anxiety, and when the first movements of the people were rocking the old order of things. Moll is a North Country girl who rules a rough country-side by virtue of a strong individuality and being in reality of good birth. Methodists, sheep-stealers, pressgang raiders, soldiers, fine ladies, magistrates—all the elements which then made up the everyday life of England—are in the story, which has value as an attempt to picture the conditions which preceded the first rising of the people. Moll is made the people's mouthpiece; and Harry Brackenthwait, the well-born lover who discovers her true parentage and weds her, is typical of the few who then perceived the justice of the people's demands.

#### UNNECESSARY DETAILS.

**Mrs. Thompson**, by W. B. Maxwell. (Hutchinson and Co.)

THIS is not an easy book upon which to pass judgment. It is grossly marred by medical details which are totally unnecessary to the development and interest of the story. If Mr. Maxwell thought it so essential to make certain that the reader should be placed in full possession of facts which, not being peculiar to Mrs. Thompson, are not in the least indispensable to the full understanding of Mrs. Thompson's history, he could have referred his readers in a footnote to Combe on Infancy, or to any other standard work on the subject, and thereby spared his book a sordid and fatuous element which goes far towards spoiling it. On the other hand, the tale, apart from this, is a noble picture of a strong character perceiving and retrieving an almost irredeemable mistake. Mrs. Thompson is a great business woman who, for one brief period of her life, finds it impossible to help becoming a fool. Her folly is natural; it is almost lofty in its utter self-sacrifice and in the splendour of her trust in its object. But she marries a scoundrel; and in his hands her life and its work alike go to pieces. How she gradually gathers them both up again, how she deliberately and magnificently re-makes her life and re-forms her shattered business, and regaining all, and more than all, her old supremacy of balance and judgment, saves her daughter and her home and her great shop, is told with equal interest and skill by Mr. Maxwell. The romance that can lie at the heart of a big commercial business is delightfully shown, and the reader follows the work and efforts of this brave middle-aged woman with an almost personal triumph in her triumph over the men who had broken her. It is an unusual subject, unusually dealt with, strong, just and telling; and it is stupid of Mr. Maxwell to have laden it with what we suppose he calls "realism" to such an extent that he goes far towards making it sordid and repulsive.

#### BOOKS TO ORDER FROM THE LIBRARY.

- The Celestial Omnibus, by E. M. Forster. (Sidgwick and Jackson.)
- The Ship of Coral, by H. de Vere Stacpoole. (Hutchinson.)
- Metternich, by G. A. C. Sandeman. (Methuen.)
- Letters from Finland, by Rosalind Travers. (Kegan Paul.)
- The Voyage of the "Why Not?" in the Antarctic, by Dr. Jean Charcot. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
- Wordsworthshire, by Eric Robertson. (Chatto and Windus.)

[A LIST OF NEW BOOKS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 44\*.]



# ON THE GREEN.

By HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

## THE BYE IN TEAM MATCHES.

OUR systems, if they are worthy the name, of playing our team matches are still a little various, but they are hardly as varied as they used to be. The plan, once fashionable, of scoring by the total number of vantage holes won by one side, as compared with the other's total, has gone out of vogue; the holes by which a match is won or lost are now totally neglected in the final count, and the only question that commonly arises between the captains of two teams as they go out to fight is, "Are we to score anything for the bye?" A very common mode is to score a point for the match and a quarter for the bye if it consists of three holes or more, a bye of fewer holes to be left out of the reckoning. It may be noted, by the way, that a mathematician told me that the only really just way of scoring a team match was to count eighteen points for each individual match won and one point for each of the holes by which it was won—all of which may be mathematically correct, but surely golf is a sufficiently difficult game already without complicating it with stupendous problems in arithmetic.

## SCORING THE BYE NOT ALWAYS ON THE SIDE OF JUSTICE.

At first glance there seems to be everything in the world to be said for taking a long bye into the account and letting it go for something, but a very little thought shows that it does not of necessity make for justice to do so. Let us imagine A to beat B in a team match by ten up and eight to play. The bye, value a quarter of a point, ensues, in which it is conceivable that B beats A by a hole. In this case A scores to the credit of his side one point, minus a quarter, that is to say, three-quarters of a point. In the next match on the list C, who is on the same side as B, beats his opponent D by a single hole. C, then, scores one point to his side, and the aggregate result of these two matches is that the side to which B and C belong are a quarter of a point to the good, although they have lost an aggregate of eight holes between them. That does not look like the justice which we are pleased to call poetic. The truth is that it is a mistake to try for poetic justice in golf. H. G. H.

## TWO FINE SCORES.

I must confess, as a rule, to skimming over the Monday morning's list of medal winners with a rather apathetic eye; but this week I have read one result at least with the keenest possible delight. That was the victory of Mr. Humphrey Ellis in the Woking medal with the truly magnificent round of 70. I only wish I could have been there to see him do it, for there is no jollier player to watch when he is at his best, and he clearly was at his best on Saturday. Woking on a medal day is a much harder course than on an ordinary day, because the joint ingenuity of Mr. Stuart Paton and Martin causes the holes to be cut in very difficult and well-guarded places. So Mr. Ellis' score was really a great one. Another extraordinarily good score done upon the same day was Mr. Worthington's 67 at Mid-Surrey, although this was accomplished in an ordinary game and not with the added torture of card and pencil. Whatever the conditions, it was a splendid achievement, and Mr. Worthington must have given a very wide berth to the hills and valleys that have transformed the Old Deer Park. He is playing better this year than he has ever done before.

## THE PRECISE EFFECT OF HUMPS AND HOLLOWES.

This great round of Mr. Worthington's puts into my head a question that I have heard debated: "Does the new and mountainous form of architecture (commonly called humps and hollows) make golf more difficult?" That it makes the game far more pleasant and entertaining all are agreed, but I have always had an idea that it does not make it actually harder. Personally, I certainly prefer to be on a grassy pinnacle or in a grassy dell to being in a nasty sand bunker with precipitous and remorseless sides. I was told the other day an interesting fact which rather backs up my view. Some of the golfers of Mid-Surrey have a little private society of their own—a club within a club—

which holds periodical competitions. Since the humps and hollows have come into being, the players with handicaps well in double figures have taken to winning much more frequently than they used to do, and their scores have appreciably diminished. As time goes on and more hills are built on other courses, we shall doubtless have further data whereby to test this theory.

THE HON. A. E. S. MULHOLLAND.

The first time that I ever saw Mr. Mulholland hit a ball was when he was playing for Eton against Harrow at Lord's. He hit it so that it flew with terrific velocity in the direction of square leg, and my recollection, possibly a hazy one, is that it would have killed someone in a stand if it had not pitched on the top of the stand. Since then Mr. Mulholland, who is now in the Irish Guards, has taken to hitting a golf ball in an equally vehement manner. He hits it so hard indeed that he is most certainly to be numbered among the very long drivers of the day. He is already a really good player, and with more practice and accuracy, and perhaps just a little less vehemence, should be capable of very great things indeed. B. D.

## AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIPS HERE AND IN AMERICA.

OUR mode of playing the amateur championship, which will be with us in little more than a week, has been the subject of a good deal of discussion and occasionally of some unfavourable criticism. It has been said that

the single rounds of eighteen holes each, of which its matches consist, do not amount to a fair test, and the American plan, by which a preliminary scoring test of thirty-six holes is instituted in order to weed the weaklings out, followed by really critical matches of thirty-six holes, is much more near the ideal.

What the Americans do is this: They devote the whole of the first day to playing off thirty-six holes by score. Of the scores thus made, they take the thirty-two lowest, and the makers of these thirty-two best returns survive to fight the second day. And this second day again begins with some score-play work, but it is not a day wholly given up to score play. What happens is that a scoring round of eighteen holes is played in the morning, and that the sixteen best in this scoring round alone survive to proceed to further active life in the afternoon. If there is a tie for sixteenth place, it is decided by playing on extra holes, as in the case of a tie in our amateur championship. You see at once, then, how the Americans have departed from that great principle which they (or the critics over here who cite

them as witnesses) proclaim to be as important as any in their national constitution, that for the decision of such a contest as this championship nothing short of a trial of thirty-six holes is enough. Here they have a decision—they have sixteen good men knocked out of the running—by the arbitrament of a single round only. And not only is this, which they have now been asked to face, an eighteen-hole trial, merely, but it is worse than any eighteen-hole test by match play, inasmuch as it is an eighteen-hole round counted by score; and we all know



THE HON. A. E. S. MULHOLLAND

how a single bad hole, the result of accident or of a single slightly erratic stroke, may knock into small smithereens what would otherwise have been quite a good score for a single round. After the field has thus been reduced to sixteen, on the afternoon of the second day, then, and not till then, does the match play begin, and at the first beginning this, too, is an eighteen-hole and not a thirty-six-hole business, for the beginning of it is with matches of eighteen holes played in the afternoon of this second day. It is not until the third day, when the field, by these composite means, has been brought down to eight, that the long matches, those which, we are told, provide the only real tests, the thirty-six-hole contests, commence. I do not want to quarrel with the Americans over their way of managing business which is entirely their own, the less so because they would not mind at all if I were so disposed to quarrel; but perhaps they will allow it to be pointed out that the method which they follow can hardly be rated as a triumph of consistency. What they seem to say is, we will first reduce our field to manageable dimensions, because we regard anything less than thirty-six holes as a test too short to be satisfactory. And then, having laid down this principle, and pursued it with more or less fidelity—though the first eighteen holes knock out a majority of the field—for the space of a single day, they tire of it; on the second day they make two decisions, at a very interesting and critical point in the competition, on these very eighteen-hole tests which they have ruled out of court at the start.

Of course, what they have done is to strike a compromise—usually the most wise course possible. They have realised, just as we have realised, two points: First, that match play is far more fun than medal play, that it preceded the latter in point of natural evolution just as certainly as physics preceded metaphysics, that in match play you get the man-to-man contest, with individual temperaments acting and reacting on

each other, which is of the essence of every duel; that, other things being equal, as much of the match is to be retained as possible, but that, if things get too unequal—if numbers get so large that the daylight hours are unequal to the job of accommodating so big a field in match play, or that the contest will stretch over an unconscionable time—then the only way out is to have some preliminary score work which shall eliminate the obviously unfit and at the same time shall be a test which, if dull, is, at all events, deadly just and will then leave surviving and in the fighting rank just such a select few as shall be able to fight to a finish, in long-drawn-out agonies of thirty-six holes each, without occupying so much time that there will be no margin over for any other kind of holiday throughout the year. We, on both sides of the water, have looked at the problem from this kind of viewpoint, but have found different solutions. Our own solution has been in a stiff-necked resolution to leave the problem severely alone, to say that it is not worth while to do justice; to prefer the fun of the match play to all other considerations. That is our view, and it is the view to which we mean to adhere until an enormous entry list shall drive us from it; and even then, to what preferable alternative we shall be driven does not appear at the first glance. If we are ever driven to an alternative, we should much prefer, it is probable, the American principle carried to its natural end, which appears to be a first day of scoring play, in which the result of thirty-six holes shall reduce the total field to thirty-two; a second day of similar play to bring the number down to sixteen; and then, on the present American plan, further play by knock-out tournament of matches of thirty-six holes each. There you have your prolonged and sufficient test for every venture. Your principle is carried to its issue. You have justice; you have two very dull days' golf. I prefer the ills we have; and so, it is likely, will most Britons.

H. G. H.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### LORD LANSDOWNE'S MARKHOR HEAD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue of July 30th, 1910, you give an illustration of a Kashmir markhor's head, loaned to the International Shooting and Field Sports Exhibition, held in Vienna, by the Marquess of Lansdowne. You refer to it as "one of the first four in the records," but do not give its exact measurements. If you could kindly publish its length and circumference at base I should be much obliged.—J. A.

[The following information is kindly supplied by Mr. Fagan, and will appear in the forthcoming catalogue of the Vienna Sports Exhibition, 1910. "197. Gilgit Markhor (*Capra falconeri*). Head. Gilgit. Length (curve), 57 inches; girth, 9½ inches; tip to tip, 38 inches. In Ward's 'Records of Big Game' the dimensions are given as length, 58½ inches; girth, 10 inches; tip to tip, 38½ inches; the difference may be attributed to shrinking. Owned and lent by the Marquess of Lansdowne, K.G. Note.—The markhor of Gilgit and Chitral appears to form a connecting link between the Panjal, *C. f. cashmiriensis*, and the typical Astor race of the species. 'The markhor head referred to in your letter of the 30th was given to me when I was Viceroy of India by Colonel Algernon Durand, C.B., C.I.E., who was British agent at Gilgit, and commanded the Hunza-Nagar Expedition in 1891. It was shot in one of the nullas above Chaprot, at the southern end of the Hunza-Nagar Valley, either by the present ruling Chief of Nagar or by a member of his family. The head was believed at that time to be a record for that part of the world.'—Extract from letter from the Marquess of Lansdowne, dated July 2nd, 1910."—ED.]

### FOREIGN GAME EGGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In the article headed as above the reference to Austria-Hungary as one State divided into twenty counties cannot be correct, because in Hungary alone, exclusive of Croatia, there are sixty-three counties. Moreover, the term "Austria-Hungary" really means Austria and Hungary, each State having its own Government and Parliament. There is no single State in existence to which the term "Austria-Hungary" can be applied with correctness. In all internal affairs Austria and Hungary are absolutely independent, and, when necessary, make treaties with each other, which they could not do if they formed one political entity. The fact that these two States have agreed to unite their naval and military forces, and to be represented in other lands by the same officials, often has the effect of leading people in this country to form erroneous opinions as to the political relations of Austria and Hungary. The latter State has used its legislative powers very effectively in the interest of birds that render service to mankind. Reference to official papers shows that in Hungary no less than one hundred and thirty-two species of these useful birds, together with their nests and eggs, are absolutely protected the whole year round, and that neither the pheasant nor the partridge is included in the list. This Hungarian legislative enactment, as a matter of course, applies only to Hungary.—W. H. SHRUBSOLE.

### "THE KYNGES BEESTES."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Of course I accept, unreservedly, Mr. St. John Hope's definite statement that the extracts made by Mr. Baines four years ago included all the references to the beasts, though that does not affect my answer to his former letter. I can now only express my surprise that information of such importance was not communicated to those who had the restoration in hand. Had it been so, much trouble and discussion would have been saved to all concerned. As it was, not a word was said to anyone, even after the publication in COUNTRY LIFE of

March 5th last year of Mr. Mallows' beautiful drawings—made by special permission of the Office of Works and accepted, I am told, by the late King with every expression of pleasure and interest. Mr. Mallows' suggestions for the treatment of the parapets and pinnacles, with Mr. Avray Tipping's discussion of the whole problem—"Kynges Beestes" included—were, in my opinion, most powerful factors in determining the lines of the restoration and in interesting and influencing public opinion—which, after all, is the final arbiter in all such things—in favour of what was being done. As finished, indeed, the restoration exactly accords with Mr. Mallows' design. May I add for Mr. Hope's information that all the items in the old accounts relating to the bridge and moat were read by me in the Record Office, and many extracts made from them, more than twenty-eight years ago, at which time I also identified a sketch of Wynegarde's in the Bodleian as being of the bridge and moat wall, the existence of which was unsuspected until then. These discoveries I communicated to the Office of Works within two or three days of my making them, and I induced the Board—Lord Redesdale and Mr. Lessels being respectively secretary and surveyor—to take the then unprecedented course of sending, for archaeological purposes only, a draughtsman to Oxford to make tracings, of which they kindly furnished me with copies, which I still have. All these documents and plans, and others elsewhere, collected by me constituted the identification of the mysterious stonework hit upon, beneath the surface, in 1872, as Henry VIII.'s bridge; and they formed the authority and basis for the plan of the bridge and moat prefixed to the first volume of my "History of Hampton Court," published in 1885. Had Lord Redesdale remained at the Office of Works after 1886, I have little doubt this restoration—"Kynges Beestes"—and all—would have been carried out some five-and-twenty years ago. That it has now at last been done has been due to the enterprise of Mr. Harcourt and Sir Schomberg MacDonnell, to which I have, four times at least, in the public Press borne testimony, and in spite of Mr. St. J. Hope's suggestion, I have no reason whatever to suppose that the Office of Works are in the least degree dissatisfied with the commendations paid them by me and others. I may add that in Mr. Peers' paper, read before the Society of Antiquaries last June, there is little which had not already appeared in *The Times* under my own name, or in COUNTRY LIFE in Mr. Tipping's and other articles. Mr. Peers, indeed, did not come on the scene as an official of the Office of Works until the restoration was all but finished and most of the final details decided on.—ERNEST LAW.

### THE PIE DE MARS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A reader of COUNTRY LIFE who has noticed the correspondence about the "palombes" and the "ramiers," those two species of migrating pigeons which the Basques net in the passes of the Pyrenees, has been asking me whether I can identify a bird called the "pie de Mars" in the menus of hotels in places up in the Pyrenees, such as Gavarney and Argelès. He described it as "like a plover," but then he had only seen it as it appeared on table. The name "pie" suggests magpie, which seems to be the one and only bird which the French do not eat, or at least some pied or black and white bird. But enquiry of a man who knows all that country and its natural-history fairly well has indicated to me that this pie de Mars is really a thrush; "a large kind of grive, with a speckled breast," he called it. To be sure, the ordinary song-thrush, or grive, has as peckled breast, and so might qualify for the name of pie; but he distinctly said that this was a larger bird, as also my first interlocutor indicated in saying that, as it appeared on the dish, it was "like a plover." So I suggested "missel-thrush"; but this name did not seem known to the man who gave me the information that the pie was a thrush. But does the missel-thrush migrate across the



Pyrenees in any large numbers, such as its common presence on the tables of the local inns implies? It has been suggested to me that the pie de Mars may be a fieldfare, and this has the more probability because it is much more the habit of the fieldfare than of the missel-thrush, as we know the two birds, to go in large companies. But, of course, all kinds of birds which are solitary, or which go only in pairs, in ordinary life associate in great companies not only of their own, but also of other species, when they go migrating; so that counts for little. But if anyone can identify the bird with precision, both I and the man who first spoke to me on the subject would be obliged to him.—HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

#### THE OPEN-AIR DINING-ROOM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Like many other people, I have been in the habit during the last few years of taking my food during the spring and summer months in the open air, and have grown to like the practice so much as to wish to have a permanent dining-place constructed. The two essentials are that it should have an access that may be covered when the weather is inclement, and that it should offer protection from rain and wind. At the same time, it would never do to have it altogether enclosed, as that would scarcely be the open air, would it? I imagine there are a great many people in the same position, and you would confer a great favour upon me and them if you would show designs for such a structure. Is it taxing your good nature too much to ask you to do this?—OPEN-AIRIST.

#### "WILL-O'-THE-WISPS."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should like to make a few remarks about Mr. H. A. Bryden's letter *re* the connection between "will-o'-the-wisps" and the luminosity of birds. He is quite right in stating that owls are frequently luminous, but the only instances I have personally seen have all been white or barn owls—never the "tawny." I am inclined to put this luminosity in owls down much more to the decaying animal matter which collects on the plumage than to contact with decaying wood, as is suggested. I would point out that I am certain that the white owl is sometimes luminous, for some years ago I remember handling one which was most distinctly luminous in a dark pigeon loft. With reference to the real "will-o'-the-wisp," I am afraid that I cannot agree with Mr. Bryden. In the New Forest country, where my home is, I could take him to several places which, according to his theory, must be simply inundated with white owls—but only on a still night—and which would, I fancy, entirely convince him of the fallacy of connecting the one with the other. On the other hand, however, I do not say that the owl, when luminous, is not taken sometimes for a will-o'-the-wisp. With reference to the "heronidae" and their luminosity, I would point out that in the case of the English heron, besides the feathers of the breast being luminous, the skin is also more or less phosphorescent—at least, the feather scales—and I attribute this to the decaying fish in the crop, for it is in that neighbourhood that the phosphorescence is most noticeable. Hoping that Mr. Bryden will forgive my stating my opinion, and apologising to you for the length of this effusion.—SORCERER.

#### HOW TO PHOTOGRAPH BLOSSOMS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed prints may be of interest to those of your readers who are on the look-out for a novel field in amateur photography. The originals were



PLUM BLOSSOM—A NOCTURNAL PICTURE.

taken at night, by flashlight. I have found that many subjects—fruit-blossom is a case in point—suffer from what we photographers call a spotty background, and that such subjects, if taken at night, not only have a curiously decorative (if not necessarily quite natural) effect, but stand out with beautiful distinctness

because there is nothing, or next to nothing, visible behind them. They emerge from a mere blank of vague blackness, and are thus isolated from distracting surroundings which would have spoilt them utterly if they had been photographed in the full glare of day. Ordinary flashpowder is used—for the two subjects which I enclose I used a gramme of the powder and my lens stop was F8—and, of course, the light "carries" only a very short distance, so that close-up subjects must be chosen or they will not appear on the plate. The first



CHERRY ON WALL—AN UNSUITABLE SUBJECT.

of my prints represents some overhanging sprays of plum blossom, and is typical of the effects—oddly reminiscent of lantern-light, or of the ghostly white glimpses seen from a motor-car with acetylene head-lamps—which are obtained by this method of work. The second, cherry blossom on a cottage wall, is sent as an example of an unsuitable subject. It will be seen that, though taken at night, this picture does not differ materially from one taken in the sun. This is because it is a flat subject with no depth of atmosphere behind it to make the gulf of darkness which forms the charm of night photographs.—WARD MUIR.

#### NIMROD'S MEMOIR OF JOHN MYTTON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Under the above heading in COUNTRY LIFE you write, "Some credit is no doubt due to his biographer, etc." Are you sure? My grandfather goes down to posterity branded as "an idler, a spendthrift and a drunkard" (your words) because Nimrod was in need of money and saw his way to making some by writing a memoir—and such a memoir!—of his friend!—A. MYTTON.

#### SHEEP-WORRYING BY DOGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A question has arisen between landlord and tenant regarding sheep-worrying by dogs on the hill, and they have agreed to accept your decision on the subject. During the lambing season last year two dogs were found on the hill by the shepherd, one, an Irish terrier, belonging to A., a tenant on the estate, and the other, a collie, belonging to the local blacksmith S. The damage reported by the shepherd was four sheep and two lambs. Both owners were requested to get rid of the dogs, and it was agreed that they should each pay half the damage done. The blacksmith S. sent away his dog. The tenant A. objected to do so, but undertook that his dog should be kept under such control that would prevent the possibility of any future damage to sheep. In March this year A. received a bill charging him for the *whole* of the damage done, and, in asking for an explanation, was told that S. objected to pay his share of the damage because A.'s dog had not been put away. The landlord now requests the tenant A. to pay the full value of the damage done, whereas A. argues that, having kept his dog under such control as has made it impossible for him to do further damage, he is in no way called upon to pay more than he originally offered to pay, namely, half, and that the fact of S. objecting to pay has nothing to do with him. They will be grateful to you if you will decide the question.—J. A.

[We gather that the arrangement was that A. and S. should each pay one-half of the damage. That was a legal contract with the landlord on which each can be made liable, but the liability of one does not depend upon, and is not extended by, any act or omission of the other. In our view, A. can only be required to pay half the damage. He is not concerned with any difference between the landlord and S. As we read the letter, the getting rid of the dogs was not a condition of the arrangement, but merely a "request" by the landlord to each of them, and the fact that A. has not complied with the request does not affect the essential term of the arrangement. We fail to see how it can absolve S. from his undertaking to pay half the damage, and certainly failure to pay on the part of S. does not increase the contractual liability of A. If we are wrong in our reading of the agreement, and the arrangement was really a three-cornered conditional compromise, then it appears to us that the compromise has fallen through, and that the landlord's remedy is to sue each for the damage actually done by his dog, just as if no arrangement had been made.—ED.]



## DEW-PONDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I confess Mr. Martin's note as to my communication about dew-ponds has occasioned me mild surprise, for the phenomenon of warm oases occurring just after the sunset of a hot day is so familiar, I never doubted anyone living in the country being unacquainted with the fact. These spots only remain at a warmer temperature than the surrounding air for about an hour, gradually assimilating to the atmosphere around them; but they are so constant to the same places it would be possible to recognise one's whereabouts, on encountering one of them, if it happened to be pitch dark. Trees have no connection with them; and in the park at my birthplace I know of two especially which are at the top of ground rising from a lake, and quite apart from any trees. Both are on rather light loam, with sand underneath, overlaying clay. Moreover, my ancestor rebuilt the house in 1746, and has left minute MS. notes as to the proceedings in connection therewith. Among other statements is one giving the reason which influenced him in choosing a new site, after pulling down the ancient mansion—that the ground fell away from it on every side; and the air there was always warmer after dark than elsewhere, and hence he concluded the house would be very dry. In this he has proved a true prophet—which may seem at first sight a little odd, if the same spot would be suitable for a dew-pond. But a little reflection will show the two cases are not on "all fours," for the house has a roof, while the pond has none.—R. F. MEYSEY-THOMPSON.

## AN ABNORMAL ELM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In abnormal growth the elm tree in the accompanying photograph would, I think, be hard to beat. It stands by the roadside in the village of Portskewet, Monmouthshire, and, in spite of its very unhealthy appearance, is still flourishing



A CURIOSITY OF GROWTH.

and very much alive. While the trunk of the tree is but sixteen feet in entire girth, the excrescence, measured from side to side round the front, is twenty-two feet, and eight feet five inches from the base to the top.—F. H. WORSLEY-BENISON.

## MOLE-CATCHING DOGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Reading with interest in COUNTRY LIFE of April 1st of the mole-catching dog, it struck me that it has similar habits to a dog that I often take for walks, the dog being a fox-terrier and having the ability of a mole-catcher, hedgehog-catcher and pheasant nest finder. Many evenings he has captured moles until they have become a perfect nuisance, but the greatest trouble are the hedgehogs. Sometimes he will forage out as many as four in an evening, and it requires tricks and cunningness to get them away from him. He finds no trouble in carrying the animals, as he has a happy knack of getting hold without pricking himself. He also has marvellous powers of finding pheasants' nests (which I am sure would be appreciated by the keepers). Very seldom does the dog do any harm, but he simply stands and points with his nose until my friend or I have looked at the nest, which satisfies the animal.—DONALD C. BARGMAN.

## THE PASSING OF THE RED-LEGGED DAW.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In the likely event of the chough disappearing from our coasts, the greatest contributor to its extinction as a British bird will have been the selfish oologist, who annually puts a price upon every nest, and by destroying the prospective generation seals the doom of a particularly interesting species. Driven from the haunts of man, the few remaining pairs in the British Isles have taken up their abode in the most inaccessible

sea-cliffs possible, a shelter which is at best but a temporary refuge for them. I have watched these birds by the hour gliding along the rocky face of a cliff, now up, now down, then out to sea, rising into the blustering gale, past-masters in the art of planing. One moment darting in arrowy flight, the next sweeping gracefully back again, undulating lightly as thistle-down, their peculiar cry blends with the roar of the surf and adds its cadence to the wild harmony of the ocean. Our friend, the red-legged daw, is the aristocrat of the desolate shore, a black-coated gentleman who wears his dress-clothes in a manner quite his own—at once dignified

and yet with a careless grace that becomes him well. Even when he dines he is quite at ease, as may be seen by the dexterous way in which he performs the task—not always fruitful of result—of cleaning out a bivalve or turning over heaps of slimy sea-wrack in his search for various creatures. Equally clever is the chough in probing all the cracks and crannies of the rocks for concealed crustacea, his long, delicately-curved red beak being peculiarly adapted for this purpose. As a rule the nest is situated midway in the cliff, a natural "rock-chimney" being a favourite site. Any portion of the cliff fashioned by Nature in the form of a mediaeval castle-turret is much favoured by choughs as a nesting-place, and they are also fond of heaping up a pile of sticks—so arranged as to form a hollow within, lined with hay or wool—upon a rocky shelf inside a cliff-face cave. A writer in a contemporary puts in a strong plea for the disappearing chough. May every success crown his efforts! I am happy to say that the few surviving pairs upon the Cornish Coast are to be given protection before it is too late. I trust that the question of protection in Cornwall will cause steps to be taken towards helping forward an increase in the numbers of the red-legged daw in its remaining fastnesses on the Welsh Coast, and on the western shores of Ireland. Yet, even so, it is almost a case of locking the stable door after the horse is stolen. Speaking metaphorically, most of the "stud" have already been taken.—SYDNEY H. SMITH.



THE CHOUGH ON HIS ROCKS.



CHOUGH IN SEARCH OF SEA-LICE.